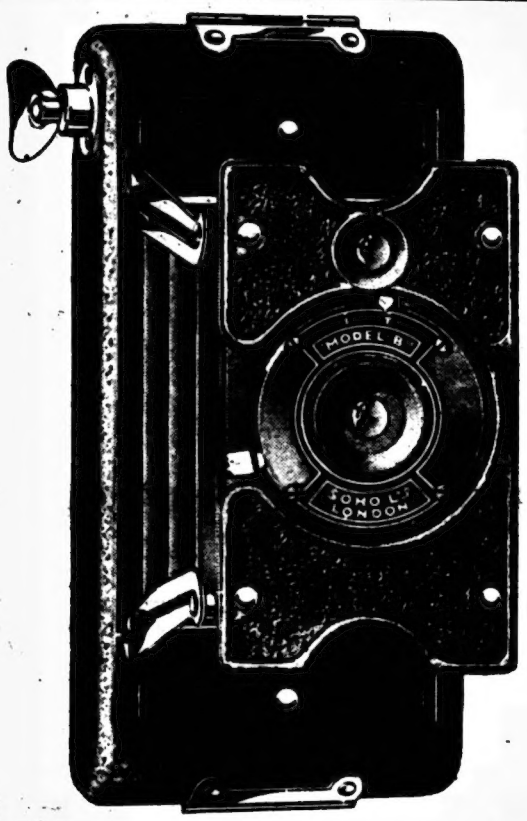
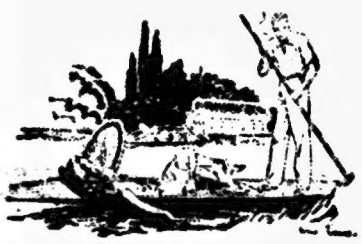
JOHN BULL, JULY 25, 1931
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

Vol. L.
No. 1310.

OVER A MILLION SALE





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Both warranted for 15 years. 7 Days after receipt of Watch pay 1/6 and 1/6 fortnightly.

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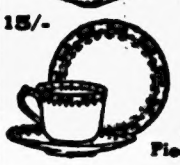

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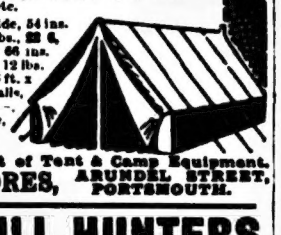

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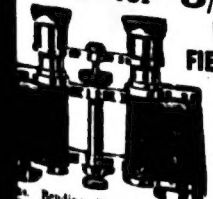

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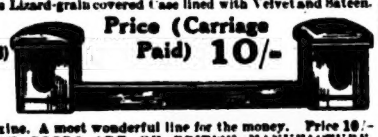

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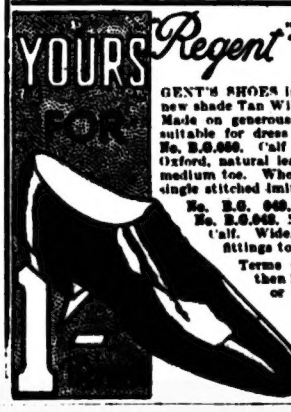

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For the People— *—the Right to Justice and Truth*

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, July 25, 1931. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

WHAT is behind the extraordinary statement of Mr. Snowden to the Civil Service deputation which pleaded against the threatened wage-cut in September?

While refusing to give any pledge regarding the report of the Royal Commission, he bluntly told the astonished members of the deputation that they had declined his offer in 1924 to consolidate the bonuses ruling at that time.

They told him at once that the offer had never reached them, and Mr. Snowden obviously became very uncomfortable.

• • •

Either Mr. Snowden's memory was at fault—which is scarcely believable—or else the offer was deliberately blocked by the higher officials.

The latter explanation is scarcely pleasant to contemplate, but it seems the only one possible.

Trouble brewing

It will be an exceedingly bitter pill for the Civil Service to swallow, particularly since it is known that the Royal Commission intends to stabilise wages at the present level.

The 1924 offer, which never reached them, would have meant that wages would have been kept much higher than they are to-day.

At present there are thousands of men workers doing a full-time week for the miserable rate of 26s. Men with wives and families are getting 7d.

There will be some fluttering in the Whitehall dovecotes now that Snowden has let this exceedingly sinister cat out of its bag, if wages *are* fixed at the present level.

Race-gang revival

The comparative lull in race-gang warfare during the past year has not been due to any reformation on the part of the thugs who disgrace the sport of kings," but to an "understanding" between certain gangs.

We now gather from an authentic source that feuds are likely to break out again shortly because of recent violations of an unwritten code by certain gangsters.

One police-officer who recently identified a number of race-toughs on a popular course received a terrible hiding, but a big coup was stopped.

The position is critical, and the authorities must act quickly if the race-gangs are to be successfully combated.

The Bank's ultimatum

We can now reveal some of the secret history which led to the calling of the London conference. The Bank of England wanted this conference many days earlier.

An hour or two before the Cabinet's decision the European situation was more critical than at any time since 1914.

Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, had to issue a kind of ultimatum. He warned the Cabinet that a crash in Germany would shake some of the leading London financial houses and might cause a Stock Exchange panic.

Nothing but a British Government lead with French and American co-operation could save the situation.

Mr. Snowden knew this warning was justified, and, with the Premier's help, he forced the Cabinet to summon the London conference.

Snowden drops a Bombshell

Simon and the Woolsack

New Meat Menace

Still full of fight

Meanwhile it must not be thought that German business men have lost heart. On the contrary, they are still full of fight, as is proved by the way in which they have broken up the nitrate conference.

• • •

Here was an effort to reach a truce between the Chilean national nitrate producers on the one hand and the synthetic fertiliser group on the other. Germany, the biggest producer of synthetic fertilisers in the world, evidently means to have a fight to the finish.

Farmers will benefit, for renewed competition is likely to mean cheaper fertilisers.

Well placed

Sir John Simon, until recently the prominent Liberal, may, as Lord Simon, be Lord Chancellor in the next Conservative Government.

Next Lord Chancellor?

Lord Hailsham, who was Lord Chancellor in the last one, is now leader of the Party in the Upper House—a position for which Mr. Baldwin thinks his vigorous debating style is suited.

The Lord Chancellorship is half a political and half a judicial position, and the occupant need not be an extreme Party man.

Sir John has already moved into step with the Conservatives on most matters of policy, and as for his legal qualifications, they, of course, are unequalled.

Gloves off

The Government has had to give way on some of the measures that the Lords have mutilated, but on the two latest—the Land Bill and the Electoral Reform Bill—it is going to fight to a finish, and the Liberals will help.

That means—unless the Lords give in—that the Parliament Act will be invoked, the measures will be sent up to the Lords for three sessions, and the Government will remain in office for a further two years.

• • •

When the Bills go back to them, with the clauses which they cut out reinserted, the Lords will have to be very careful about their tactics.

Dangerous meat

The Ministry of Health should veto the suggested scheme of importing cartoned meat from abroad.

Under the present regulations, foreign meat is imported in the carcase and properly inspected over here.

But if certain interests in the trade have their way, it will be impossible to do this, and there will be a grave danger of diseased meat coming on to the market.

The iron hand

A few weeks ago we exclusively revealed the nature of the Conservative scheme, which Lord Hailsham hinted at, but insisted on keeping a secret, for "balancing the Unemployment Insurance Fund."

We pointed out that it meant a wholesale sweeping of men and women off benefit.

Sir Edward Hilton Young, M.P., now lets the cat out of the bag.

Under the scheme, as he explains it, the live register of unemployed would be reduced to 1,100,000. That would mean crossing more than 1,500,000 off benefit.

Wheat quota

Pressure from an unexpected quarter will be brought to bear on the Government to push through Dr. Addison's wheat-quota scheme, which would secure a percentage of British flour in every loaf.

The Transport Workers' Union has decided in favour of it, and so has Mr. Bevin, who is prepared, if necessary, to take the matter to the Trades Union Conference and the Labour Party Conference.

He has asked Mr. MacDonald to receive a deputation.

Problem shelved

Once again the Children Bill, for the more adequate protection of the young, has been shelved, the Prime Minister having turned it down for the present session.

Countless child-lovers throughout the country, who know how urgently the Children's Act of 1908 requires amendment, must regard this delay with despair.

Almost daily convictions are recorded against some callous parent in our police-courts, and pages might be filled with cases where helpless children have been subjected to appalling tortures.

We appeal to the Prime Minister to see that the Bill comes up for discussion at the earliest opportunity.

Match King's might

Now that the three-cornered combine of Kreuger and Toll, the International Telephone and Telegraph Company and the L. M. Ericsson Company is accomplished, the British electrical equipment industry had better look out for squalls.

Kreuger, the Match King behind this deal, wields vast financial power in Europe, and JOHN BULL understands that the new group will aim to secure the European control of the electrical equipment and installation trades.

Some home truths

Sir Ernest Gowers, the new chairman of the Coal Mines Reorganisation Commission, is advising coalowners that they must resort to big amalgamations quickly to keep their industry afloat.

He advises coalowners

The commission will shortly visit each coalfield in the country to discuss plans which have already been drawn up.

With 1,500 mines still producing coal and an excess potential production of a hundred million tons a year, a complete reorganisation of the industry is obviously necessary.

Keep quiet

In many cases the cost of living is down to pre-war level, and there is much talk of cuts in the bonuses that have been awarded bank clerks and other salaried officials.

Nothing has been said about the extra 33⅓ per cent. that solicitors were allowed to add to their fixed scale of charges.

• • •

This arrangement was made by the Law Society, and is still in operation.

It seems that the poorly paid may suffer while the legal profession is still permitted to make an extra charge which on present figures can hardly be justified.

We want to know why.

Not so sweet

There is a serious split inside the Cabinet about the future of the beet-sugar subsidy. One group wants the subsidy to be continued, on a diminishing scale, when its original period runs out three years hence.

Other Ministers want it to lapse altogether. They point to the fact that the subsidy is costing over £20 a ton, whereas sugar can be bought in the market at just over £19 a ton.

Moreover, they argue, the "nursing" of this beet-sugar industry is bringing ruin to the sugar-cane growers in the British West Indies.

"IF YOU SEE IT"—(Continued)

A serum for measles

Experiments have just been carried out to discover a serum cure for measles. Doctors have so far failed with this disease because they have found it impossible to prepare a serum from animals.

But now what is said to be an infallible one has been found in the blood of patients recovering from measles.

Already centres have been established in America for taking blood from volunteers, and the same thing will probably be done in this country.

This method is stated to be both a preventive and cure, and if the experiments are successful can be applied to infantile paralysis. It is hoped to use it also in cases of influenza.

Sense

When the six hundred employees of the Rose and Rhoden Mills, Oswaldtwistle, Lancs, heard that the mills were likely to close down owing to shortage of capital, they sent a deputation to the head of the firm asking if they could not assist.

The result was a meeting at which they decided to contribute 12½ per cent. of their wages towards the purchase of shares that will bear interest at 5 per cent. when trade warrants it.

Thus they will be kept off the Unemployment Insurance Fund, and may also accumulate a nice little nest-egg.

This sort of co-operative arrangement has our emphatic approval.

Car-snatchers

Mr. Justice Humphreys spoke true words at Manchester Assizes when he said that motor-car stealing was never so common as it is today.

"Spoke true words"

He added that it would not be so prevalent but for the fact that the trade includes many men who are ready to accept stolen cars, alter them beyond recognition and sell them in a far-off district.

The trade must not be offended at the remarks of the judge. Dealers are as keen as anybody to root out the receivers who throw the business into disrepute.

Thanks to H.R.H.

Thousands of parents who have cause to be grateful to the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London, for the health of their bairns will learn with joy that the entire building is to be reconstructed.

This is mainly as a result of the deep personal interest taken by the Prince of Wales, and over £500,000 will be spent on new and better wards, larger out-patients' department, medical and nursing quarters, and research department.

As His Royal Highness says, the hospital has been doing a wonderful work for seventy-eight years. It is typical of the methods that the alterations will be carried out without interruption to the work of healing.

Wake up!

A woman clerical worker obtained a temporary job after a long spell of unemployment.

She applied at a London employment exchange for an unemployment-book, but was told to go to her local exchange.

A long correspondence ensued, and six weeks elapsed before she was sent back to the London exchange.

In view of the fact that her position is only a temporary one, the lady is naturally concerned over possibilities of future employment.

The circumstances of this example certainly point to the need for more cohesion and greater speed in the work of employment exchanges.

Lacking steam

Earlier in the year the railway companies were given a breathing-space so that they could put their house in order.

The half-yearly dividend statements will be made in the next few days by the Big Four lines, and large numbers of shareholders will have to prepare for a disappointment.

The traffic figures already show that, even with the help of a £6,000,000 a year wage-cut, there will be a good many shareholders without dividends this year.

The railway boards must weed out some of their antiquated directors and ideas, go out in search of new revenue, and cut out some of the stupid waste which now goes on.

The rivals

Tyneside and the Humber, although separated by about a hundred miles of coast, vie with each other for trade, particularly that from Scandinavia.

Newcastle wants more strings to her bow as a port, in order to equal Hull as an importing as well as exporting centre.

Hull, with its ambitious programme to make the Humber the air centre of the east coast, is also making the Tyneside jealous.

Her example may stimulate Newcastle to act quickly and do something tangible for commercial aviation.

This civic jealousy can be quite useful.

The sharks

There is still mass-profiteering among moneylenders. Unfortunate people in desperate need are being squeezed without mercy.

A Newcastle man who was forced to borrow £45 has paid back £16 in six months, and still owes the lender £3 more than he originally borrowed.

This is grossly in excess of the legal interest under the new Act, which stipulates a maximum of 48 per cent.

The authorities should crush these modern Shylocks out of existence.

Where is she?

Since our successful efforts to trace Althea Taylor, we have been inundated with requests from other sorrowing parents, whose children are missing.

The number of heartrending pleas makes it impossible for us to publish details of every case, but we are glad to refer to the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Derrick, of 20, Webster Street, Treharris, Glam.

* * *

This girl, who is 5 ft. 4 in. in height, with black, bobbed hair and brown eyes, was in service at Turner Street, Commercial Road, London, and has been missing since June 17.

Her parents would be very grateful for information as to her whereabouts.

Fighters

The people of Merthyr, the largest coal town in South Wales, are feeling the effects of trade depression more than most towns.

They are, however, of the real British breed and intend to fight for their salvation.

A committee of councillors and business men has been formed to investigate ways and means of finding work for the thousands of unemployed in the town.

Manufacturing schemes are being examined, and if expert advice approves the ultimate findings, all the people will subscribe to a company for the purpose of building and running factories.

Bravo, Merthyr, and the best of luck.

Scotland's milk neglect

Although the Scottish education authorities have had powers since 1930 to provide school-children with milk free or at cost price, only two, Selkirk and West Lothian, have taken advantage of the reform.

The Act was a non-Party measure, introduced by Major Walter Elliott, M.P., with a view to assisting the Scottish dairy industry and improving the physique of the children.

The average cost of supplying a child with a pint of milk daily is only 4½d. a week.

Serious and urgent

It is amazing that the checking of share sharks should present any difficulty.

Mr. W. R. Smith, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, has stated that, in this connection, he cannot see how legislative action can be taken in a manner that would be practicable.

This admission would indicate lack of enterprise and organising ability on the part of the board. It is obvious that legislation must be brought into force to cope with market-riggers—the sooner the better.

The Board of Trade would do well to consult Stock Exchange experts in an endeavour to put a stop to the nefarious schemes so constantly promoted to defraud investors.

Making them build

The Scottish Department of Health, as we anticipated it would do, is now compelling backward local authorities to build more houses.

Ayr Town Council has been ordered to build two hundred houses within a year, failing which the Government will build the houses and charge the cost to the council.

Other local authorities are being dealt with in the same energetic way with a view to the building of thousands of dwellings in the provinces next year.

This is the right way to tackle the housing problem.

Recognition, but—

Some time ago we referred to the bravery of five men who rescued terrified pit-ponies from a flooded mine at Pontypool.

We are glad to hear that the R.S.P.C.A. is to award its bronze medal to these gallant fellows.

On the other hand, their act deserves a wider recognition, for they performed the finest deed of the year in the mining industry.

The Royal Humane Society might also investigate this particular instance of outstanding courage.

One for the dope kings

After a long and bitter fight against organised obstruction, Sir Malcolm Delevingne has succeeded in scoring a round against the dope kings.

Wins a round

The new charter which is being drafted by General pledges the signatories to produce no more drugs than the amount required for medical and scientific purposes.

At the present moment anything up to a hundred times the world's requirements is manufactured each year, which means that about 99 per cent. goes into the illicit trade.

Considerable quantities of cocaine are still smuggled into this country from ports on the Baltic, in timber boats.

The dope is concealed in plywood and is recovered by sawing the wood across where it bears a secret mark.

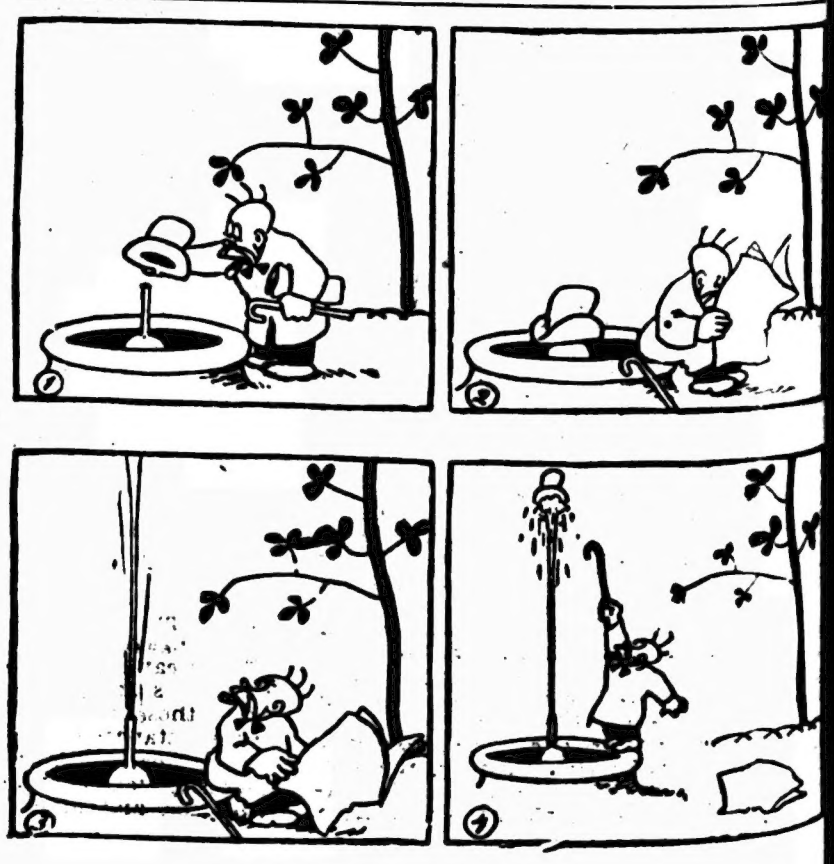
Death's penalty

Because his wife has died, Mr. Bowen Jones, of Newport, Mon., will have to resign an important public position, in which he has given long and faithful service.

He is master of the Newport workhouse, and his wife was matron. The post is what is known as a dual appointment, and through the death of Mrs. Jones, the Newport workhouse must lose a good master.

It is a harsh regulation, and one that local authorities could very well drop.

ADAMSON— —Hat-tricked



WORK LIKE FUN

by R. W. HARRIS,
Secretary, London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine

A NEW application of medical science has arisen since the war—the study of the causes of and the remedies for industrial fatigue. The London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine is destined to play a great part in is movement.

The results already achieved and the future ospects of this new development are of para- unt importance to British industry.

Yet a great many misconceptions exist as the true nature of the work which is being dertaken. It has nothing whatever to do th systems of what is called, I believe, "effi- ncy engineering," so much in vogue across e Atlantic.

The colloquial term there for such experts "minute men." That phrase exactly defines e scope and nature of their work—which is get the utmost out of the worker, in the least ssible time, at the least possible cost.

There may, or may not, be medical men ncerned there as "efficiency experts," em- oyed as such by large commercial firms, but edical men engaged in this country in this w field of industrial fatigue research have a ferent end in view, and entirely different thods of working.

During the European War the discovery s first made that demands for munitions uld be properly met only if the human chines were properly cared for, in addition being adequately paid.

Out of that discovery was born what was en called the Health of Munition Workers' mmittee, which later became merged into e Industrial Fatigue Research Board.

Looking ahead

IGHT up to the present year a continuous investigation has gone on, covering a wide field of British industry into methods of rking, which would enable the worker to rn his living with a minimum expenditure of rgy and fatigue.

There are 500,000 employers of labour in s country, large and small. There are, at rough estimate, 17,000,000 employed persons. To every one of these the work of this new e of medical research must bring tremen- us benefits.

So far, the industries covered by the sur- include textiles, boots and shoes, pottery, ndry, glass-making, mining, metal and ineering.

It is the purpose of the Industrial Section the London School of Hygiene and Tropical dicine to extend the field further. But in rticular its intention is to give instruction to trained medical and other observers, more more of whom will be needed to go out to ious industries.

Working side by side with employees on bench and the machine, they will get first- nd knowledge of the conditions of labour proceed to apply their trained knowledge improving those conditions.

Attention to matters like comfortable seat- , elbow-room, ventilation, lighting, the posi- ns of levers and machine controls, the cor- t speed of machines, all prevent fatigue, save health and raise output considerably. In an engineering works, for instance, it was found that an 18 per cent. improvement was made on output merely through a rearrangement of work material suggested by the scientific observer.

Rest pauses properly devised actually raise the total daily output in many trades considerably. Some trades now have four or five a day. In a tapestry works their introduction resulted in a 10 per cent. increase in output and a 25 per cent. decrease of lost time through sickness and ill-health.

Thousands of workers, accused of slackness and often punished for it, are more often the victims of fatigue, due to the unvarying monotony of their particular job and its exhausting demands on their senses and bodily functions.

It is the work of these trained observers to discover such conditions and to bring them to the notice of the management. For example, in a shoe factory, where in one department girls were engaged all day, without pause, in matching shoes in pairs by colour, the girls were constantly being reproved for carelessness and the firm was involved in heavy loss.

The real cause of the trouble was what is called yellow fatigue of the retina.

Shown a pair of shoes in which a tan was matched with a yellow, a girl could only plead that "ten minutes ago they were a perfect match." Her eyes had then been tired and the glaring yellow of one shoe had been scarcely perceptible.

One of the most important results of lowering the incidence of fatigue in industrial processes will be the lessening of accidents.

It has already been shown that when all steps are taken to eliminate fatigue, accident figures drop by 50 per cent., and in some cases 60 per cent.

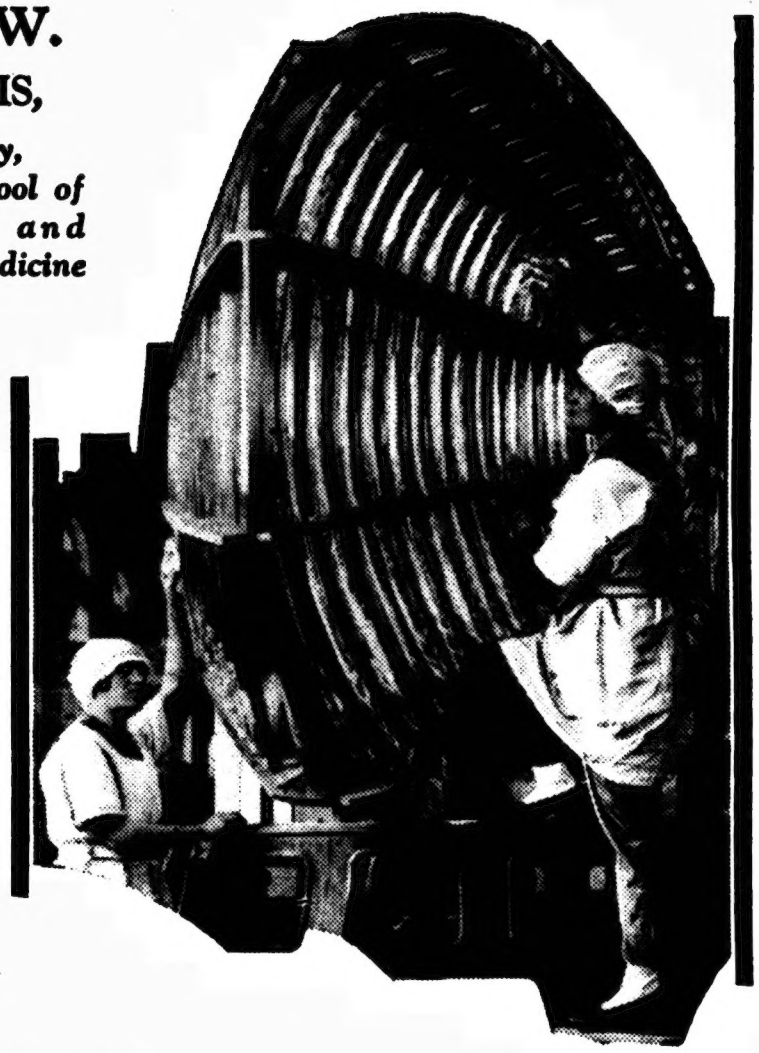
It has been established that 70 per cent. of accidents are preventable. They cost industries £10,000,000 per annum in production alone, beside the human suffering and hardship involved, and the huge amounts paid out in total compensation.

It is recorded that one firm alone lost 41,135 working days as a result of 850 accidents. On the basis of 70 per cent. preventability, this meant a net loss of 29,000 days, or, in hard cash, about £12,000. Half of that loss could well have been saved by application of knowledge gained in fatigue research.

Gasping cyclist

THE provision of special glasses for workers engaged in fine work, "loomers" in cotton weaving, cloth-menders and steel ball examiners has practically wiped out eye-strain from those vocations, and improved work in some instances by as much as 25 per cent.

Occupational sickness due to conditions like excessive temperature, dust, humidity, noise, vibration and other causes is being strongly



Making lenses for lighthouses—but not as light a job as it looks

combated, and great successes have been gained.

Special equipment on a unique scale has been installed in our laboratories for the investigation of the effect of such conditions.

There is, for instance, a large air-conditioning room, where at will we can reproduce the atmosphere of a stokehold, a coal mine, or a refrigerator—any conditions, in fact, from the bearable to the unbearable.

The research workers themselves submit to experiments under varying conditions to discover precisely what are the human reactions to them.

Numerous ingenious instruments have been devised to reproduce work demands on the person under test in different air conditions.

There is the bicycle ergometer, for instance, on which the subject pedals away for hours, the instrument registering his effort with varying amounts of food and drink, and under differing states of fatigue and environment.

Great medicine!

ALL this united endeavour is devoted to the end of lightening the task of the worker, to removing boredom, ill-health and the appalling wastage in money, men and material which at present hangs like a millstone round the neck of industry.

If the developments at this institution are properly supported, as a simple business proposition, by the captains of industry, the time is not far distant when every large employer of labour will keep constantly employed a trained observer—as indispensable a part of his establishment and budget as his works manager and his insurance commitments.

The London School of Hygiene is a great new post-graduate centre for the teaching of preventive medicine. The establishment of a Department for Industrial Physiology is evidence of a departure which is preventive medicine in its truest sense.

In that belief we shall go on working with, we hope, the co-operation of all, for those saner, brighter and better industrial conditions which must surely come.

A KICK for a Pedagogue

Rt. Hon. H. B. LEES-SMITH, M.P., *President of the Board of Education*

DEAR MR. LEES-SMITH,—I am glad to see how quickly your Departmental Committee on Private Schools has got through the usually lengthy business of hearing evidence, and how quickly it has published its report.

I may be forgiven for taking some pride and pleasure in the fact that the chief recommendations are those on which I have laid stress time and time again in the columns of this journal.

It was always an abominable scandal that such schools as those I have described could exist, completely unsupervised and beyond any form of State control.

I devoutly hope that legislation will follow upon the report with the same speed as the committee has hurried its findings.

We may then see an end of the incompetents, cranks and adventurers who have for so long preyed upon the hapless young.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. W. H. WHITEHOUSE, *Coroner, Rotherhithe, London*

DEAR SIR,—At the inquest on George Charles Leary, an ex-soldier who was found drowned, you made a comment to the young widow.

She told you that her husband was worried because he could not get an Army pension.

Your comment was: "He was getting £2 6s. a week without working. . . . If he had got the Army pension he was after, *you would have been living in the lap of luxury.*"

That poor man was a complete wreck, and he has left three young children behind him.

Your comment was uncalled for—an unnecessary extra blow for an already broken-hearted woman.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. LORD SANKEY, G.B.E., *Lord Chancellor*

MY LORD,—Pronouncements from the Woolsack are properly received with a fitting air of respect. They are rarely questioned by the common man, nor even by the statesman and lawyer.

Yet I take my courage in both hands to express my profound disagreement with your remarks the other day concerning the present insufficiency of J.P.s.

It is very laudable of you to insist upon the appointment of many more Labour J.P.s to adjust the political balance on the Benches.

Yet it is not the political balance which requires adjusting, but the Bench itself.

I can only repeat what I said in this paper a few weeks ago: *There are too many J.P.s, good, bad, and indifferent, of whatever politics and creeds.*

JOHN BULL.

Mr F. J. CRAWLEY, *Chief Constable, Newcastle-on-Tyne*

DEAR SIR,—Your scheme to co-ordinate the fire-fighting services of the Tyneside, so that rural and urban areas can count on the help of the city when a fire gets out of hand, is one that I have consistently advocated.

This is not the first time you have set an example that might well be followed by other and less enterprising Chief Constables.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P., *First Commissioner of Works*

DEAR MR. LANSBURY,—You are rapidly becoming the patron saint of London's municipal golfers.

Visits to Richmond Park have shown you that the week-end congestion on the public courses is preventing many a City worker from getting a game.

There is no room for another course there, so you have gone to the Home Park at Hampton Court and terminated the lease of a private club that has been in possession for thirty years.

Devotees of the Royal and Ancient game will sing your praises for throwing open this new course to the public.

JOHN BULL.

Sir FREDERICK WALL, *Secretary, Football Association*

DEAR SIR FREDERICK,—Doubtless you were impressed, as I was, by the big profits made last season by the Arsenal.

This club has pursued the policy of giving first-class entertainment to the public at a cheap price.

But prices are coming down, and football is the creator of a great demand. That demand would be greater still if the prices of admission were reduced.

First-class Soccer at sixpence a time is what the public wants. Why not suggest it to the clubs? They would listen to a man of your unique experience.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. J. H. BRODRICK O.B.E., *South-Western Police Court, London*

YOUR WORSHIP,—I noticed the other day how you set about the hearing of the various applications which come before you.

You stood on one side, by the witness-box, and discussed these matters in a low voice with each applicant, talking with a courtesy and charm of manner pleasant to see.

The delicacy that prompts you to adopt this method and prevent the private troubles of nervous people from reaching curious ears is typ... of the man you are.

I hope other Metropolitan and pro... vincial magistrates will follow y... example.

JOHN BULL.

Candid Communications

Messrs. SHAW, DOWNWARD ... PICKLES, *Salford, Lancs*

BRAVE LADS,—When you saw fl... and smoke coming from a house in ... Stephen Street, Salford, you prom... broke in and saved two little child...

The fire had obtained a good h... and you were lucky to escape inj... yourselves.

You have both courage and ... ability to act on quick decisions, ... many a man would have called ... fire brigade first.

I am glad the Salford Watch C... mittee has seen fit to acknowle... your bravery by awarding you e... the sum of £2. You earned it.

JOHN BULL.

The DISTRICT NURSE, *Seghill, Northumberland*

DEAR MADAM,—I wish I knew y... name so that I could record it in th... pages.

During the past year you spent ... nights on duty and paid 6,945 vi... That is equivalent to two nights ... week on duty and nineteen visits a ...

England owes a great debt to h... hard-working district nurses, w... minister to the sick without a thou... for themselves.

I sincerely hope that the appeal f... funds will not only allow you and y... brave sisters to carry on without hi... drance, but will be successful enou... to warrant an increase in your mise... ably small salaries.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulde...*

PROFESSOR MORRIS GISBERG: "I b... lieve love can be studied scientifical... just the same as other human problems."

It may be so, Professor, but remem... ber Tony Weller's advice: "Beware of Vidders."

* * *

MISS RATHBONE, M.P.: "Married women have always been the greatest scapegoats since the days of Adam."

Too sweeping. The common-sense ones have always won their own sweet way.

Not from the B.B.C.—*The Hon. Mrs. James Rodney on*—

Paupers in Mayfair

THERE once was a time when my heart used to bleed,
I assure you, my dear, for the poor.
Not to have as much cash as one felt one might need—
It seemed such a terrible bore.
But some of us who
Reasoned thus when we knew
Naught of poverty, now have amended our view.

It is not so very conducive to woe,
This state that we used to discuss
With shivers; and nowadays I really don't know
Why ever we made such a fuss;
For many *naice* folk
Are now hopelessly broke,
But have come to regard it as rather a joke.

When all's said and done, there are worse things to bear
Than poverty this side the grave.
It seems hard at first to have nothing to wear,
And have to take taxis to save
The cost of a car;
But this will not mar
One's life if one's brave, as most *naice* people are!

Some of you dear listeners-in who are readers of those amusing daily papers probably know my opinion about poverty. As I said the other day, "Poverty is a state of mind."

Don't you think it was rather clever of me to think of that? But, of course, when one is poor oneself one is compelled to do a lot of deep thinking, is one not?

As I explained to my dear, *dear* public: "I have stayed in castles in Transylvania, in palaces on the Danube, great chateaux in France, multi-millionaires' houses in America, and beautiful English country homes"; yet now that I'm poor, I'm having the jolliest time of my life!

* * *

I'll admit that I used to get a thrill out of spending money freely; but there are bigger thrills even than this. I find it frightfully fascinating nowadays to have to choose a little luncheon or dinner menu with an eye to economy.

And, oh, my dear, good people, just think of the fun of enamelling one's own bath! Have any of you ever tried it? I assure you, it's quaite *too* marvellous!

Since I had my little heart-to-heart chat with my dear public about the brave New Poor some silly people have suggested that I talked a lot of nonsense.

"So-called poverty," one horrid fellow writes, "is the latest fashionable craze. But those who prattle about it don't know the meaning of real grinding poverty."

We don't know the meaning of poverty! Did you ever hear such impertinence!

I haven't a rag that is fit to be seen;
My second-best shoes at the uppers
Are frightfully shabby; we scarcely touch wine,
And sometimes, believe me, we don even dine—
Like the poor, we have six o'clock suppers!
So what is the use of pretending that we
Who comprise the New Poor are free poverty free?

To have lived in a castle—and live in mews!
To ride in a 'bus, 'stead of 'ootin'
Along in one's car, and not have a ...
For pleasure—it's *weeks* since a "...night" I've seen!—
To give up one's huntin' and shootin'
If *this* isn't life with the wolf at the ...
I'd much like to know what *you* ... being poor!

should have backed the late President Wilson

It might have meant havoc in the financial world, like the New Zealand earthquake

by A. G. GARDINER

A *Terrific* WARNING

WE sowed the wind at Versailles twelve years ago. We are reaping the whirlwind to-day. The criminal Peace Treaty has come home to roost, and all world is quaking with fear of what morrow may bring forth.

r twelve years the catastrophe de- and organised by the petty bar- ers who gathered at Versailles has developing, until now there is a country which is not stricken depression and trembling on the of an unknown and incalculable ter.

hat may have happened before lines appear I cannot pretend to cast.

e avalanche that has been im- ling over Europe and indeed over whole globe may have descended, here may be a momentary respite, reathing-space giving us perhaps last chance of averting the catas- he.

either case, it is necessary to be in our minds as to what has ght us to this desperate pass. Only doing so can we hope to see the out.

wo fundamental blunders were e at Versailles, and for both of this country bears the major onsibility.

he first was that the settlement based on a rotten foundation and otesque fallacy. The fallacy was that one country and one coun- alone could pay the whole costs of war.

The big squeeze

he politicians who made the treaty this was nonsense. But they had the courage to tell the public the h. They played up to the popular ions of the moment, and no one ed up to them more than our own esentatives.

ney put forward the most fantastic mates of what Germany could pay. official estimate was no less than 000,000,000. A member of the ernment promised that we would eze Germany until you "could the pips squeak."

he other fatal blunder was that we not back President Wilson, who, disinterested, should have been natural ally at the conference. e backed France. We encouraged most extravagant claims, and made the dictator of the settlement. e made Peace, but, as Mr. Garvin, I think, said, it was "Peace with a Vengeance." It has kept the world for twelve years floundering in the wilderness of the war debts.

When the original scheme failed, we devised the Dawes Plan, and when the Dawes Plan broke down we devised the Young Plan.

The people who devised these plans knew they could not work. They knew they could not work because they knew the money was not there.

In so far as she paid, Germany paid with coal and manufactures which hit us hardest of all, and with money which she borrowed from America, without any visible prospect of paying it back.

The effect of all this was to keep the world in a perpetual nervous tension. It passed from one scheme to another, from one conference to another.

Trade went to the dogs, tariff walls were multiplied to obstruct business, and in pursuit of the policy of making the "pips squeak" in Germany we have at last reduced the whole world to a condition bordering on universal collapse and bankruptcy.

The first warning that the end was near came in Vienna. The Credit Anstalt was on the point of closing its doors when, at the eleventh hour, the Bank of England came to the rescue.

If the Credit Anstalt had gone down, all Central European finance would have crashed with it, and the whole structure of world credit would have collapsed.

Save the ship!

It was this warning that, almost in an hour, certainly between the morning and evening of one day, wrought a miracle in America.

The doctrine of isolation was sacrificed, and President Hoover made his famous offer to suspend the operation of all war debts for a year, on condition that other creditor nations did the same, in order that Germany might have a chance of getting on its feet.

Hoover did not do this out of kindness to Germany, but because he knew that if Germany collapsed no country, his own included, would escape the wreck.

The effect of that offer on the world was sensational. The bourses in every country began to boom, and it seemed that at last the cloud that has hung so long over the world was about to lift.

But France raised endless objections. Day succeeded day, and she was still holding out for this or that advantage.

Fear took the place of hope, and everybody who had money in Germany began to withdraw it. Bankruptcy was imminent.

Two greatest Powers

Banks began to close their doors, and last week it seemed that nothing could save Europe and the world from a financial calamity without parallel in history.

Happily, this country and the United States, which together wield a moral and material power that no other two countries in the world exercise, are now working in the most cordial agreement, and to this fact we owe it that the blow has again been averted.

The conference suddenly summoned is sitting as I write, and there is ground for hoping that the immediate danger will pass. We are a little further from the edge of the precipice than we were.

But we are still too near to be safe. The world has had a terrific warning of the peril that threatens it. That peril cannot be finally removed without a complete breach with the policy that has brought it about.

The drama of the past few weeks has, by a blinding flash of lightning, shown us that the world is a unit of interest. It lives or perishes as a whole. If one member suffers, all the members suffer with it.

The folly of attempting to bleed Germany white, under the impression that other nations will benefit, is at last seen in all its crudity.

It has taken twelve years to teach us the lesson—twelve years of feverish unrest and deepening depression that have brought the whole world to the brink of despair.

If now the Hoover plan is safe, and we have before us a year in which to get out of the morass, let us lose no time in reversing the wheels of policy.

There must be no return at the end of the year to the path which has brought us so near total wreck.

Wipe them out!

We know now that the war debts have been an unmitigated curse. Let us get rid of that curse altogether, or at all events reduce it to such dimensions that it can no longer strangle and paralyse the wholesome activities of the world.

The revival of trade is the one thing that can restore prosperity. That revival can come only when real peace is established, when confidence is restored, and when normal conditions once more prevail.

Bring these things about, and the winter of our discontent will pass like a cloud from the sky.

Let us make this year, on which we have entered with the Hoover Plan and the Disarmament Conference, the grand turning-point in the world's history.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

The White Light

A CORRESPONDENT who describes himself as an unemployed miner has put some of his thoughts on paper and sent them to me. I have been particularly struck by an expression which occurs more than once in his letter.

He says that when he sees a fine action performed or takes part in one himself he always feels as if a bright white light were shining around him.

A child is nearly run over by an omnibus, and an intrepid young woman at the risk of her own life snatches the little one from under the wheels. If our miner friend happens to be near he will view he scene through a medium of dazzling brightness.

Or he is a member of a happy party with very little money to spend, but animated by a spirit of comradeship that makes the best of everything and stimulates hope and courage in every breast.

In such circumstances he will find it easy to discern the same mystic light irradiating every countenance.

The statement reminds me of one of Maeterlinck's fine sayings: that sometimes when he looks at a peasant toiling in a field or a market-woman standing by her stall he sees them for a moment transfigured, as it were, as beings from another and higher world disguised in lowly attire.

* * *

I think I perceive what he means. If we could get behind these poor lives we should often find their toil inspired by the most unselfish purposes, nor would it be hard to imagine them clothed with light as with a garment.

My miner correspondent's conception is thus one of real poetic beauty and the expression of a helpful truth of everyday experience, if we could but keep our eyes open to life's higher aspects in the heart of common things.

He is no mere sentimentalist either, but a hard-headed, practical Scot who knows life as it is, as well as what it ought to be.

If ever you have awakened self-forgetful affection in any fellow-soul; if ever you have seen love look out of human eyes, or seen rugged features soften and grow tender in ministering to a dear one's pain in an hour of sorrow; if ever someone who is all the world to you has leaped to your side when you were in dire straits, you have seen heaven open and the light stream forth that never was on sea or land.

* * *

There are some natural substances that have the property of storing up light and giving it out again when the light of day is withdrawn.

I once saw Sir James Dewar give a demonstration of this phenomenon in a lecture-room. At a certain point in his discourse every light was turned out and the room shrouded in such utter darkness that we could not see the speaker's face.

But presently from some objects on the table before him a pale light began to spread and glow till his form became visible again and was illumined in a peculiarly picturesque and charming way.

This ought to be spiritually true of every one of us. The light the unemployed miner speaks about gleams and glows in his own heart or he would not be able to see it anywhere else.

Let your light shine, the light of kindness and cheer in a darkened world, and it will reflect joy to your own spirit.

A REAL JEKYLL and HYDE

PREPARATIONS are being made to announce to the world the formation of the National Anti-Dumping Association and to obtain funds for it.

Behind the scheme is an individual named B. J. Wilden-Hart, who was formerly a professor of economics in Japan, but who in recent years has been trading here in real estate.

The ex-professor has earned a good deal of notoriety in the past year or two by reports of threats and attempts against his life supposed to have been made by Russian Reds. The would-be assassins were never caught.

When danger to his safety was again announced six months ago, Wilden-Hart formed the Anti-Soviet Atrocities League, asked for donations, and offered membership for a guinea.

Then he brought into existence the Anti-Soviet Persecution and Slave-Labour League, and advertised widely for money.

His purpose, he said, was to create an organisation which, when millions strong, would be powerful enough to smash any government which did not obey the behests of his league.

All we know about the internal affairs of the league is that its claims to have obtained a substantial membership and a good deal of financial backing were false.

Only a few weeks ago Wilden-Hart emerged as the leader of still another society — the Joint Conference on Unfair Russian Competition.

The previous concerns had their headquarters at his residence in Onslow Gardens, South Kensington, London, but this one had only an accommodation address.

Now the advent of the National Anti-Dumping Association is about to be heralded, the fourth of the kind launched under his auspices since the beginning of this year.

Wilden-Hart, of course, serves these bodies without profit or reward and with perfervid enthusiasm.

We have reason to suggest, however, that his charity and great works should begin at home, and that they are more likely to prosper if he abandons his voluntary activities on behalf of his numerous leagues.

Until it crashed ignominiously recently, Wilden-Hart had been at the helm of one of the most remarkable companies ever registered—the West End and General Development Co.

With a capital of £100 and an accommodation address, it consisted solely of himself and his wife, he being the governing director and she the managing director.

No company can ever have had more ludicrous incidents in its career.

The company went through the extraordinary farce of appointing a paid secretary. It communicated with someone named Gladys Wheeler, supposed to be living at New Barnet, and she pretended to reply from there accepting the post for £250 yearly. But Gladys Wheeler, it is now known, is the professor's wife, and she did not live at New Barnet, but with him in London.

Income-tax returns were also made by Wilden-Hart for this Miss G. Wheeler, the fictitious address at New Barnet again being supplied.

Wilden-Hart himself masqueraded in various aliases, such as Matilda Wheeler, M. Wheeler and Maurice Wheeler.

A few days ago, when he was undergoing his public examination in bankruptcy, the professor stoutly told the court that Maurice Wheeler was his brother-in-law, who had a banking account in his own name. Shares of

"Prof. Wilden-Hart's charity should begin at home"

A Wonderful DOUBLE

"IT'S a godsend; just when we're in need of it." This is what Mrs. Mary Oxley, of Horbling, Billingborough, Lincs, said to her husband when she received a letter from JOHN BULL informing her of her great success in Crossword Competition No. 121, in which she shares the £1,000 prize with one other competitor. She was, naturally, very excited.

In an interview, this grey-haired old lady—she is seventy-two!—told us what a big surprise it was to her to have such success.

Mrs. Oxley, whose husband is a sixty-five-year-old cottager, has lived in the same house in Horbling all her life, and has brought up a family of seven children.

If Mrs. Oxley had not made a mistake in one letter she might have had the £1,000 all to herself! Her one error was in the word "bet." It should have been "bat."

* * *

Mrs. A. M. Crawford, of 52, Ludlow Road, Guildford, Surrey, who won the second £500, is the mother of four growing children.

"I have no time for the serious study of competitions," she said to a JOHN BULL interviewer; "I simply put down what I think, and rarely look at a dictionary."

For months she entered the weekly crossword competition, and then gave it up in despair.

Three weeks ago the urge to try again asserted itself, and she sent in an entry. "And now I am very glad I did," she happily ended.

GIFT HORSE *with Bad Teeth*

ONE of the most generous people in the country at the moment must be an elusive person known as C. G. Raymond, who makes a habit of ordering expensive presents for his friends.

He practises his generosity at the expense of others, and the friends he names as the recipients of his gift are found on enquiry to be non-existent.

Recently, for example, Raymond was passing through Windsor, and he seized the opportunity of calling at a wireless shop to select an apparatus for "a very dear friend."

He was fussy and exacting in his choice, and gave most careful instructions regarding the delivery of his purchase, which was to be sent with as little delay as possible to Major Holland, of Upton Park, Slough.

Having gained the shopkeeper's assurance that the commission would be carried out to his complete satisfaction, Raymond tendered a cheque already made out for a sum in excess of his purchase.

His appearance and general bearing inspired confidence—the cheque was cashed.

But when a messenger was despatched to deliver the "present" to Major Holland at Slough, it was found that the address was a fictitious one and that no such person was known anywhere in the district.

Then Raymond's cheque, which was drawn upon the Lombard Street branch of a London bank, came back "R.D."

Meanwhile, complaints have arisen which show that Raymond has been busy in other parts of the country, buying presents for friends who exist only in his imagination.

He is a persistent swindler, who must be stopped.

Farcical ONE-MAN *Company*

the company had been transferred Wilden-Hart to Maurice Wheeler.

His deceit was exposed. He to admit that Maurice Wheeler was myth. It was himself.

Then he explained that the transfer was a device in connection with death-duties and not a means evading income-tax.

Professor of economics though he however, Wilden-Hart could not the court how or why this manoeuvre could have any possible relation death-duties.

On one occasion, we find, Wilden Hart drew a cheque in his own favour in the name of Wheeler. He marked the counterfoil—"Loan to my dear friend."

It was thought proper that the wife company should have a house where wealthy clients could be entertained.

So, according to the minutes, acquired the lease of a property with eight acres of ground at Dulwich Common, and undertook to pay the rates, taxes, heat, light, insurance, repairs and the cost of improvements.

This was already Wilden Hart home.

Two's Company!

In solemn conclave as a company the husband and wife also decided to appoint a chauffeur and gardener.

With cynical thoroughness, a salary of £1,000 a year, with £1,000 a year expenses, and a director's fee of £ were also voted to Wilden-Hart.

His wife was allowed £500 as managing director, as well as the £ salary in her other name.

And the precious company of husband and wife also consented to the professor's Rolls-Royce car for him and to pay all its expenses.

When the company wanted funds, the professor agreed to money to himself at interest.

Even Jekyll and Hyde never did this.

Nor did Jekyll and Hyde ever go far, as Wilden-Hart did, to write letters to himself in another name threatening legal action against himself if he did not pay his own debts to himself.

He also wrote letters to himself thanking himself for his own generous actions, and made entries in the minute-book expressing gratitude for his own magnanimity.

We do not pretend to know what Wilden-Hart's motives were for playing this extraordinary game of Happy Families in the shelter of the Companies Acts. In the witness-box in the bankruptcy court he said it was comic opera and a "piece of artistry." It was far from comic to the creditors.

Part of Wilden-Hart's scheme was to acquire property on building society mortgages and then lease it to the company. The company next placed orders to contractors for the repair and reconstruction of the properties.

When the work was almost completed, Wilden-Hart, as a company, wrote to himself asking himself to release himself from his leases, which he generously did.

Collapse

When the properties reverted to him it was to the cost and confusion of his creditors.

They obtained no satisfaction when they wrote to the company, and when they wrote to the professor they were impudently told they must not write to officers of the company personally.

This amazing company has collapsed with a deficiency of £11,000. Mr. Wilden-Hart is himself in bankruptcy.

British traders seem to require more protection against Professor Wilden-Hart than they do against the Soviet Government.

Weekly Informations—

The BLIND CRUELLY TRICKED

—from
MAJ.-GEN. SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

CERTAIN of my readers have been attracted by a series of ertisements appearing in London provincial newspers which hold out a message of for the blind.

he typical announcement declares sightless men and girls are ted to sell an educational magaproduced by a blind journalist in don.

ages of from 15s. to £1 weekly are ed, together with free board and ing, an allowance for fares to don, and personal guides.

pplication is invited to Macrae, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C., braille or ink."

hile announcements in this vein been running in provincial ers, I find the following requirets set forth in the London Press:

ADIES wanted; must be young, blind, and energetic, to sell ucational magazine in London. ary, £1 a week, with board and ging.—Apply, stating age, etc. . . .

hese announcements suggest that idespread movement is afoot to ide congenial employment to ted persons under ideal condi-

his is further borne out by Mr. rae when interviewing applicants, are told that they will have a panion-guide to pilot them from to door, selling a blind educational azine, for which they will be entitled to the advertised salary and free board and lodging.

Nothing arouses public sympathy so quickly as blindness, so such a venture, properly organised, could not fail to achieve considerable success.

I happen to know that Macrae has already done quite well out of his scheme, so it is of public interest that it should be known how the proceeds are allocated.

Some people may imagine that, after the staff of blind workers has been paid, the surplus goes to the maintenance of some home where they are provided with the free board and lodging promised to them.

But I can say quite definitely that no such home exists.

Nor does Macrae apportion any of his proceeds to any registered blind institution.

It is very clear that the surplus after his collectors have been paid for using their blindness as a means of persuading people to buy a rubbishy publication goes straight into Macrae's own pocket.

Literary impostor

I learn, on enquiry in Scotland and elsewhere, that Macrae has persistently lived upon the proceeds of bogus charities ever since the end of the war. He holds a most unenviable reputation in blind circles especially as a heartless charlatan and a fraud.

By posing as a blind journalist and literary expert, he contrives to live in comparative luxury, though actually he is far from sightless.

"Using their blindness as a means of persuading people to buy a rubbishy publication"

Applicants attracted by Macrae's advertisements have sometimes been asked for financial assistance, and he has put an odd proposition before them.

Boasting that he has a "school of music and journalism," and that he is the proprietor of "Vision" and other educational magazines, he asks for investments of £60, promising lessons in story-writing, newspaper reporting, music and other subjects in return.

His offers should be rigidly shunned, for I find that, while controlling his present blind educational magazine venture, Macrae has been busying himself with another undertaking known as the "Business Transfer Agency."

His offers here take a very different form, and consist chiefly of seeking substantial cash investments from people in return for alleged remunerative partnerships.

Everyone will agree there is nothing very charitable about that.

When I find a self-styled philanthropist indulging in "sidelines" of this kind, my suspicions are at once aroused.

But that is not all. Macrae's character is about as bad as it can be. He has a long string of convictions for obtaining money by fraud.

His present impudent charity scheme is therefore to be shunned, and although I know people will be reluctant to turn away blind canvassers from their doors, I can assure them that they will really be doing these unfortunates a kindness by discouraging them from working for such a charlatan as David A. Macrae.

Apart from his various charity frauds, this man has been in prison for conducting a house of ill-fame for his own personal profit.

I trust the authorities will take the hint from this exposure and squash Macrae's new scheme without delay.

THE RAGE *of a Merciless Mistress*

NUMEROUS indignant readers have written to comment upon a shameful case in Somerset, where a seventeen-

ar-old ic ser- named d Dunford en here s been elly ill- ted by her stress, Mrs. et Lavinia nzer, of be Farm, ord.

he girl's me is in lh Wales, but for intervenof the rict nurse, Rees, who orted her ht to the norities and found her lter, her sition ld have been lerable.

aud Dunscomplains she has unmerci-

fully beaten by her mistress, and a Dulverton doctor who examined her at the instance of the district nurse fully supports this story.

He found five scars on the girl's head and a contused, open wound on the left side of the scalp over the ear.

There was also extensive bruising on the upper part of the back, especially over the left shoulder-blade, which was terribly swollen and tender.

Bruises also extended over the lower part of the back, both thighs, the legs, and the arms. There were recent abrasions on the forehead, face, throat and forearms, which might have been caused by scratching.

The wounds, in the doctor's opinion, could have been caused by a stick.

The outcome was that Mrs. Winzer was charged at Dulverton with unlawfully assaulting her maid.

The district nurse told how she had found Maud Dunford in filthy rags and suffering so much from her injuries that she could scarcely raise her arm.

She also testified to the fact that Maud was a clean girl, of decent habits, and a willing and helpful worker.

An eye-witness spoke of having seen Mrs. Winzer beating the maid with a stick and dragging her about by the hair.

Mrs. Winzer denied having caused the injuries, and suggested that the girl had hurt herself by falling down the barn steps.

But the medical man whose opinion we have already given said that some of the bruises could not be reconciled with a fall. A whole series of falls would be needed to explain the various stages of discoloration.

In his view, *some of the bruises were indicative of a recent thrashing.*

It is not surprising in the face of such evidence that the Bench found for the maid, characterising the case as a "very bad one."

Mrs. Winzer was fined £5, with costs, and told that she would have been sent to prison had she not been in a "certain condition."

No doubt the magistrates had in mind that her child would suffer the prison taint were it born in jail.

Mrs. Winzer would do well to realise that she could not have been treated so leniently in any other circumstances.

She has been a cruel and merciless mistress, and the public contempt in which she is now held may be some punishment.

Meanwhile, what of young Maud Dunford, whose early experience of domestic service has been so bitter?

At the moment she is being cared for by the kindly district nurse, and we trust that she will soon be found employment with a mistress as understanding as her present benefactress.

Snowball Dollar

A DELUGE of literature has descended upon Britain from Holland this week to foist on the public here a most impudent "snowball" ramp.

The concern responsible, which apparently has no address and uses a post-office box-number, calls itself the Credit Continental-Amsterdam.

We have previously had to give warning against its activities.

This bogus organisation sells to its dupes four worthless "claims" for 5s., and the buyer has in turn to dispose of four others until the company receives £1,000 from each original sale.

Then a prize of £165 may or may not be paid by the C.C.A.

This money-catching offer—described in the literature as a "method of earning money without money"—has been broadcast indiscriminately, the recipients' names and addresses having been taken obviously from street and telephone directories.

We ask the Dutch Ambassador to represent to his Government the need for scotching this palpable fraud.

BAD LEG

healed after 14 YEARS!

"Ugly itching Rash chased away in a Week." "Terrible Ulcer goes in five days." "Psoriasis banished." Every day in every place some one is gaining quick relief from skin trouble with Germolene Brand Ointment. Read *this* case of almost *miraculous* healing.

Germolene Ointment Soothes at a Touch!

Germolene

OINTMENT

triumphs again!

"I WAS in pain for no less than FOURTEEN YEARS with my bad leg. Every kind of special treatment I tried failed . . . I was in despair. Then at last I tried Germolene Ointment—with wonderful results! It has healed my leg right up!" — Mrs. J. L. Lambert, 2, Stanley Terrace, Stanley Lane End, Wakefield.

SKIN SUFFERERS! Get relief in ONE MINUTE. Sweet, cool, ASEPTIC Germolene Ointment is the fastest healer there is. Soothes at a touch; painlessly ejects germs — never burns them out. And heals up the worst wound in record time, without a scar! For ANY skin trouble try GERMOLENE OINTMENT NOW!

Germolene Toilet Soap, 6d. per tablet, is a splendid skin tonic. Try it to-day.

The ASEPTIC Secret

Because Germolene Ointment is ASEPTIC it DOESN'T have to be cruel to be kind!

Instead it:

1. Soothes at a touch; Starts rapid healing IMMEDIATELY.
2. Gently EJECTS germs and poisons; never burns them out
3. Heals the worst wound in record time—without scars!

Germolene Brand Ointment *is invaluable for* — SUNBURN, INSECT BITES, ULCERS, BURNS, RASHES, ECZEMA, PILES, RINGWORM, SCALDS and all skin ills.

Why Go On Suffering?

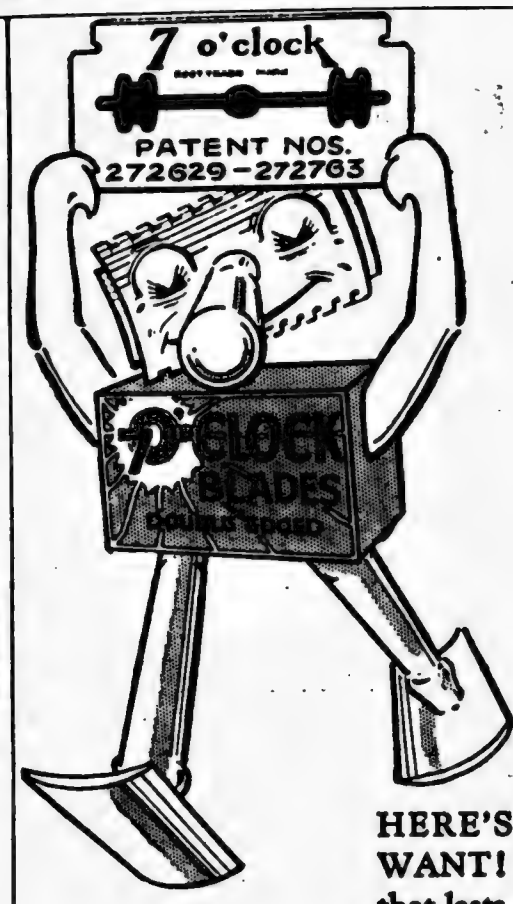
Why endure agonising unsightly skin afflictions another DAY — when 1/3 spent NOW will bring you relief in a few moments? Remember, too—nothing HEALS like Germolene Ointment — quick, easy, clean and *without any pain!* Buy Germolene Ointment TO-DAY —keep it handy for emergencies.

Germolene

BRAND

ASEPTIC OINTMENT, 1/3 & 3/-

reyds



BRITISH MADE

FOUR for a BOB!

HERE'S THE BLADE YOU WANT! Seven O'clock—the blade that lasts longer—better and sharper than those that cost more—four for a shilling! If you use a two-edge safety-razor—treat yourself to a packet of Seven O'clock blades. Learn what comfort in shaving really means!

For Gillette Razors.

7 O'CLOCK BLADES

From all Dealers

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DEFINITIONS OF OVER 150,000 WORDS.
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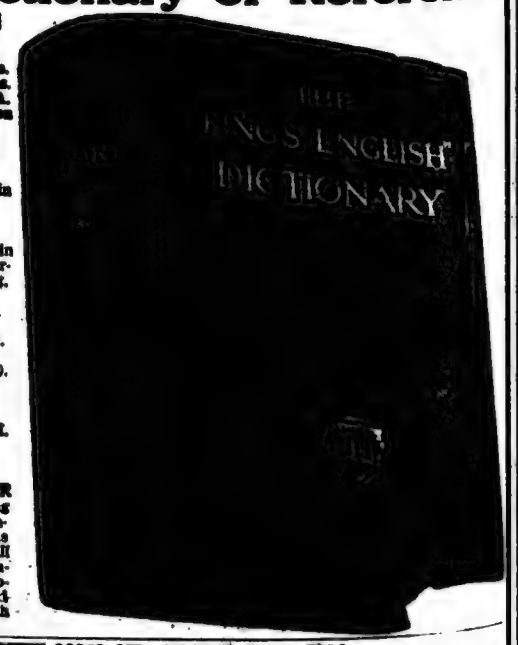

Five Days' FREE EXAMINATION.

Messrs. BRITISH BOOKS, LTD., 95, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Please send me THE "KING'S ENGLISH" DICTIONARY (New Edition) on approval for 5 days' FREE examination. I will return it on the sixth day if I decide to purchase, I will remit a First Payment of 2/6, and ten further monthly payments of 2/- to complete the price of 22/6. (Cash price, 21/-).

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Startling Co-Op Scandal *Sequel*

Mr. Fred Gould, the local M.P., can find ample material here for Parliamentary questions

WE have fought many lone battles in the public interest, and one of the most momentous in recent times began last May last year with our demand that the affairs of the Radstock Co-operative Society, Ltd., should be investigated.

We made this demand in the interests of thousands of working-class members, scattered over a large area, embracing Frome, Bath and Bristol, after a representative had made inquiries on the spot.

Attention was drawn to several glaring irregularities, and we were able to prophesy that a thorough investigation would undoubtedly disclose a very alarming deficit of nearly £90,000.

This exposure naturally caused a great sensation, but the *Co-operative News*, the official organ of the co-operative movement, did not appreciate our public-spirited action.

It attacked us scathingly for issuing "flaming posters," and accused us of creating a "scare."

It also suggested that our various innuendos were "meaningless"; that the amounts involved were "well within manageable proportions," and that members need not worry unduly about the future outlook.

Vindicated!

To this we replied by publishing further facts and figures in support of our original contentions, adding that time would show whether we were justified.

We have had to wait over a year for vindication, but it has now come in no uncertain manner with the trial of Wilfrid James Richardson, formerly secretary to the Radstock Co-operative Society, on ten charges arising out of the conduct of the society's affairs.

This occupied four days at the Criminal Court at Bristol Assizes before Mr. Commissioner Sanderson, who found Richardson guilty on eight counts and sentenced him to three years' penal servitude.

We do not know how this trial has escaped notice in the London Press, for the revelations more than confirm our prophecies.

Heavy trade losses

The charges against Richardson included the making of false entries in a bank analysis book; taking and applying for his own use a banker's cheque and order for payment of £5,000, and circulating reports and balance-sheets which were false in certain material particulars.

This is exactly the sort of thing we declared would be found, though the *Co-operative News* was content to dismiss our remarks as "meaningless."

The total deficiency is now officially admitted to be £90,000, just as we stated, and it would be interesting to know whether the *Co-operative News* still considers this figure of "manageable proportions."

In fairness to Richardson, we would say that he is not blamed for the entire deficiency, because there have been heavy trade losses.

It is very much in the public interest that we should call attention to some of the facts revealed during the trial.

The prosecutor at the Bristol Assize Court was Mr. J. C. Trapnell, K.C.

It was stated, for instance, that the defalcations were the cleverest that have been attempted for many a day, and that although a committee of twelve members presided over the affairs of the society, Richardson had completely deceived it.

Richardson had been in the habit of inducing the committee to sign blank cheques for certain recognised purposes by pretending that the actual amounts were not known. One such cheque was actually filled in by Richardson for £14,000.

The auditors were also deceived in various ways, figures, it was stated in court, being altered even during the course of an audit.

In 1928 there was a discrepancy in the share capital of £10,000.

It was discovered that three pages had been cleverly cut from a ledger after the audit, three others being substituted, with pencilled ticks to represent the auditor's markings.

Some idea of the position will be gathered when we say that though the secretary's salary was only £7 5s. a week, he was able to bank something like £20,000 a year.

There are 10,000 members of the Radstock Co-operative Society for whom these facts make sorry reading, but the issue is also one which deeply affects the members of every co-operative society in the country.

The manner in which the secretary was entrusted with blank cheques shows a laxity of supervision which is deplorable, though there is no doubt that the twelve committee members were not difficult to bluff.

They were simple, working men, unversed in the intricacies of finance, who were forced to depend very largely upon the advice of their secretary.

A lesson

At the same time, we do not think they should escape all criticism for not discovering long before irregularities which had been going on for years under their noses.

It is chiefly due to the admirable efforts of Mr. Registrar Fox and his assistant, Mr. Henry Charles Suter, of the Register of Friendly Societies, that this disturbing scandal has been efficiently investigated, and they should earn the gratitude of every co-operative society member in the land.

The lesson of Radstock must not be forgotten.

The whole question of the administration of such organisations should be officially reviewed to ensure that there can be no repetition of the scandal now brought to light.

Stunt PASTOR *Unmasked*

READERS will recall our recent exposure of two bogus evangelists—Pastor Russell, of Bridgwater, and Pastor Tullett, of Exmouth.

We denounced them as hypocrites whose influence over impressionable women was decidedly objectionable.

Both pastors have since been reviling each other in local newspapers, and their utterances are interesting.

Russell declares that Tullett has always been something of a "mystery man"; that he has allowed himself to be called "The Second Christ," and that when taxed about the prints of the nails, he told a follower: "You will see them in a few days."

Tullett, for his part, has stated that Russell's allegations are "not true in principle," and has seized the opportunity for extolling his own ideals.

Speaking of his home for unwanted babies, for instance, Tullett now says he tries to help mothers and their babies, and does all in his power to investigate each case and to "find the father."

Inspired!

This will be found to be a remarkable inspiration indeed in view of one or two fresh facts we have now discovered about him.

We have made some investigations on our own account, and in view of Tullett's present impudent stand, we feel called upon to reveal the truth.

Ten years ago this rambling evangelist was a porter at a large storage firm in Brighton. There is no disparagement in this.

Had he stuck to his job as a porter it might have been to his credit; but, following the visit of a travelling preacher, he was encouraged to launch out as a "helper" at a well-known mission-hall in Brighton.

He abandoned his work, and shortly afterwards married the daughter of a local family.

Backers frown

Three children, two girls and a boy, were born of this marriage, and Tullett opened a small mission-hall of his own at Peacehaven, contriving to get the financial support of a number of influential people.

But in due course his doctrines came to be frowned upon by his backers and he was forced to close down. Then he departed from Peacehaven in debt.

Tullett's wife, who had always stood by him loyally, suddenly died, and the three children were sent to Brighton to be cared for by the grandparents. Tullett later on migrated to Bournemouth.

His discreditable escapades there have already been dealt with in these columns, and we now learn that his wife's relatives also had reason to frown upon him concerning the real nature of his religious pose.

He latterly grew too busy to regularly enquire about his children, one of whom had been adopted by his wife's sister.

But, being finally traced to Bournemouth, a letter from his wife's invalid mother was instrumental in bringing each week a few shillings towards the upkeep of the other two.

Recently Tullett drove up to the grandparents' house in Brighton and took the boy away with him.

The grandmother, who was in failing health, and who had been greatly attached to the child for whom she had cared so long, died an hour or so after bidding the boy good-bye.

Whether Tullett still has the boy with him or whether he contemplates putting him into his proposed home for unwanted babies, we cannot say.

But it is scandalous, since he has been boasting of the money he has at his back that he has not done more for his children.

Tullett boasts that he gave £66 only a few days ago to keep an old man out of prison!

From a boat

Showmanship is one of Tullett's strong points, and he is falling back on it now in his endeavour to retain followers.

Having been refused permission by the Exmouth Urban Council to hold services on the beach he has even tried the experiment of preaching from an open boat, anchored just beyond reach of the shore!

That is the type of man he is.

Why didn't I bring my Kodak!

John showing his brotherly affection for Molly by pushing her out of the dinghy. *Why didn't I bring my Kodak!* Baby when his smile can hardly be seen for jam. *Why didn't I bring my Kodak!* The mate of the smack "Daisy" mending his nets under a mackerel sky. *Why didn't I bring my Kodak!* The pattern of sunlight and shadow in a cloister that dreams of the past. *Why didn't I bring my Kodak!*

Take your Kodak with you next time. Summer is going fast. But it won't go for good—not if you take your Kodak with you! For then you'll have all your happiness hoarded up. Yours for keeps in the snaps you took. Youth in its youth! Summer in full flower! Golden moments snatched from time—and golden chances for the Kodak £20,000 International Competition. There are equal chances for all! Only amateurs may enter—only picture interest counts—you can enter any number of snaps. 379 prizes must be won in the British Isles alone, and one snap may win £3,300! Get entry forms now—they're on the counter of every Kodak dealer. Enter—to win!

KODAK £20,000 WORLD COMPETITION

Over £1,100 Awarded in "John Bull's" CROSS-WORD COMPETITION No. 122.

In the above contest, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £1,000 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £500 will be despatched.

W. E. Timms,
The Hill,
Burford, Oxford.

W. H. Highley,
36, Morris Street,
Newport, Mon.

Any entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of the £1,000 and does not appear above, must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, August 4th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Holiday awards of £2 to every Runner-up in Cross-word No. 122. These Prizes have been won by 52 competitors from each of whom a solution containing one error only was received. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

Another £1,000 X-Word, with £2 Holiday cheques for runners-up, appears on Page 32.
Try Your Skill Now.

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Privately packed and post free at these prices from

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(Dept. J.B. 32), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, and all chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order at short notice if requested to do so.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be fina

***ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED*, Proprietors of "John Bull."**

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WRITE FOR FREE LISTS

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15/- Free Gift Coupon

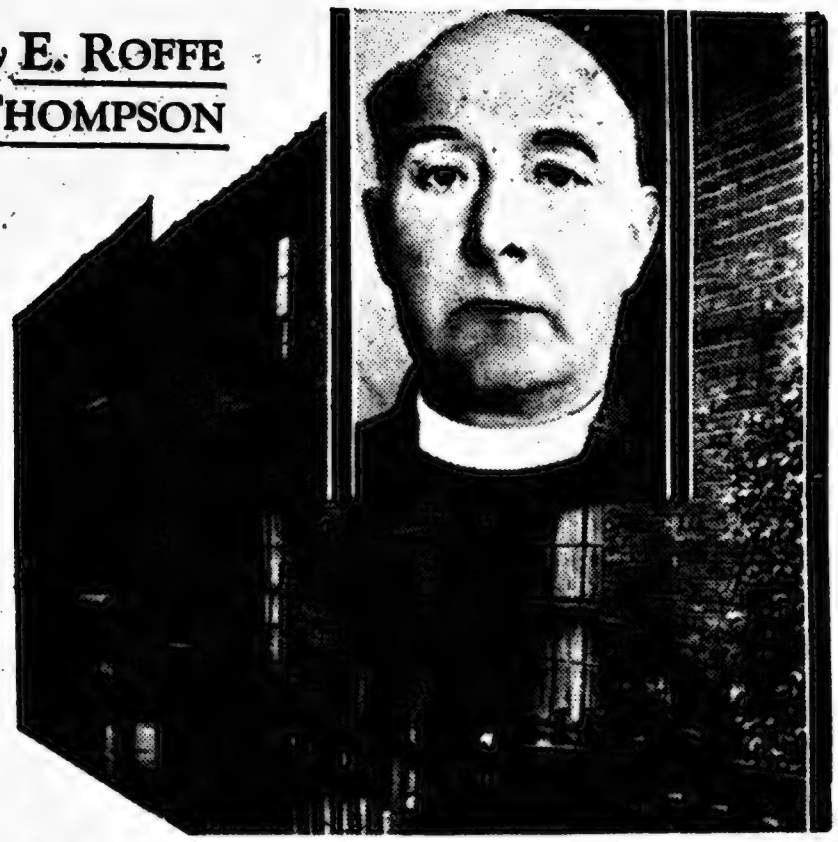
will be given to all who Write for my FREE CATALOGUE.

FROM £3 15 CASH OR EASY TERMS

Chas. Roberts CYCLE WAREHOUSE, 24, COVENTRY

MURDER *in the* BASEMENT

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON



The Bishop of Southwark says : " A silent tragedy that is going on year by year "

N a pleasant, sunlit room on the outskirts of London a woman lay in agony. A soft-footed nurse attended her. A competent doctor waited.

Presently her agony was forgotten. her arms lay a morsel of humanity, cefully sleeping away its first ernoon of life. There was a beam sunshine across the bed. . . . Prely the mother, too, was sleeping.

Within a stone's-throw of the use of Commons another woman in agony. The room where she is dark and airless. It measures ft. by 10 ft.

The gas is burning, though outside sunlight is streaming down, for re is no other sort of light.

The walls are damp, the ceiling is mp. The very rags which courtesy ls "bedclothes" are damp.

In one corner of the room a little l of six lies, desperately ill with eumonia.

Outside on the pavement, many t above this room where life and th are fighting for mastery, the sband sits—waiting.

Brief entry

A doctor and the district nurse ive. They go down into the depths nd presently they come out again. Death has won. The baby that has t been born will never know the rrors of the slums. The mother—ll, it is touch-and-go, but the doctor nks she will recover.

I have not invented these stories. ey happened. They happened just I have described them.

And stories like them happen every y in our great towns and cities—hidden away from the complacent es of our legislators, often not more n a step away from the busy streets. ere power and wealth blazon their esence to the passers-by, are omes" that would shame the very ls on Devil's Island.

In London alone there are 30,000 sement dwellings that house 100,000 ople. It is the same in proportion the other great cities.

Do you realise just what that ans? Do you realise that it ans that there is living in sun-, airless cellars, many of which do comply with the most elementary itary regulations, a population her larger than the populations of ns like Reading or Northampton? There are 1,493 such basements in Pancras. In the Royal Borough Kensington there are 648—all of ich have their ceilings at, or below, level of the street.

Hidden horrors

Nor is it only London that hides se horrors beneath a smiling sur-e.

In Liverpool, 187 cellars illegally d a population of 700 human ls. In Bradford there are 97, and Edinburgh there are large numbers. Even health resorts like Brighton d Hastings must plead guilty.

In some towns there are even base-nts below basements—habitation rors that baffle description—and in se crowded spaces, in thousands and scores of thousands of cases, birth and death and sickness must occur.

"Is it a sound economic position," said the President of the British Medical Association the other day, "to equip and to maintain, at the cost of millions of the taxpayers' money, sanatoria for the tuberculous, while we guard intact the very preserves of this disease, which can breed more tuberculosis in a week than all our sanatoria can cure in a year?"

That is a knock-out blow to the apathy of all but the most wooden-headed of politicians.

To me these conscienceless cellar-dwellings are, and always have been, the core of our housing problem.

We can produce what figures we will, build what houses we like, but these noisome deathtraps will, so long as we permit them to exist, remain a smear across our national conscience and a black refutation of all our high-sounding aspirations.

It is not that we do not know. We know very well. We can't help knowing, for we have been told again and again by authorities.

"Without any question," said the Medical Officer of Health to the London County Council, "there are no worse housing conditions existing anywhere than in these underground rooms.

"The most insanitary areas do not, and never have, provided such intense degrees of insanitariness as are to be found in the case of these underground rooms. . . .

Bishop's black picture

"If the worst basement dwellings are selected for clearance, 100 per cent. of utterly insanitary rooms, quite unfit for human habitation, will, in consequence, pass out of use."

And what are we doing to discharge our duties to these unfortunates, condemned through no fault of their own to what is nothing short of a living death?

In one year, in London, we have closed 174 of these dens—and at the same rate of progress we can hope to have closed them all in 170 years!

Actually, the position is worse than that, for the use of such basements is spreading. They are coming into use in districts that, a few years ago, knew nothing of them.

The other day in the House of Lords the Bishop of Southwark drew an unforgettable picture of the sort of thing we allow to exist, like a cancerous growth, in our midst.

"Here is the normal case," he said: "The parents and two girls, fifteen and twelve, and two boys, six and four, occupy two damp basement rooms.

"The girl of twelve has had pneumonia three times, the two boys have had pneumonia, and all four children have had diphtheria, from which another child died.

"That is an exceptionally bad case, yet from seventy of which I have details I could quote half a dozen equally bad."

Now, I am not denying that we have done a great deal towards solving the housing problem. Since the war we have spent a thousand million pounds on housing.

We have built houses to the number of a million and a half—which sounds well until you realise that two millions and a half were needed to replace wastage alone, to say nothing of the increasing annual needs.

No assurance

Still, we have done a good deal, and even more is contemplated. Lord Snell says that 200,000 houses annually for the next five years is a programme that can confidently be relied on.

But is it going to touch, let alone eradicate, the terrible cancer that I am dealing with? I can find no one to give me even the smallest assurance that it will.

I often think we do not realise just what we are doing. A reprieved murderer is a lucky man beside these unfortunates. He is fed and clothed, tended when he is ill, and at least lives in a cell which is clean and airy and lit by God's own sunlight.

By what right does society presume to condemn a large section of its unfortunate members to drag out an existence in conditions that would cause a national uproar if they were found to exist in any prison in the land?

They have committed no crime. They have done no wrong—unless dire poverty is the one crime that society is determined to punish with fiendish ingenuity.

Thousands crippled

"Public opinion is really ignorant as to what is happening in these matters," said the Bishop of Southwark. "If we read of the murder of a child the whole of England is joined together with a thrill of indignation and pity. But a silent tragedy is going on year by year unnoticed and unknown by the multitudes.

"Through this tragedy, year by year, thousands of children lose the happiness which should be their lot, and later on they will face the battle of life crippled with rheumatism, and weakened with disease which they have acquired through their unfavourable surroundings."

The murder of a child—I often wonder if we should not do well to re-erect the gallows of Tyburn Tree!

The Human Machine

The Dividing Line

FOR some reason or other we have allowed the word "opportunist" to become a term of reproach. We call those people "opportunists" who are willing to sacrifice principle to expediency, willing to subordinate morality to snatching a temporary advantage.

Yet, in a broader and better sense, the genuine opportunist, the man who can recognise the moment for making a decision, *and who can make it*, is the man who is going to do things in the world. There is no power that can so make or unmake a man as this ability to decide and act with rapidity and precision.

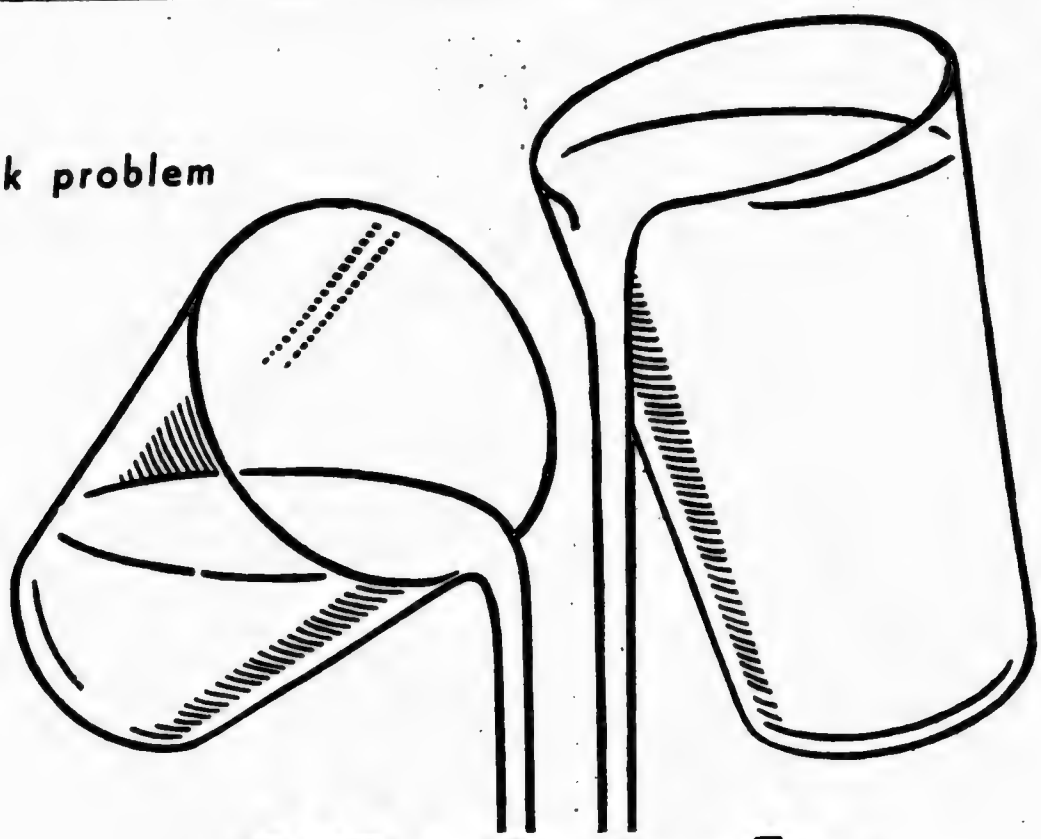
Napoleon used to say: "In every battle there is a crisis, ten or fifteen minutes only, in which speedy decisions must be made. On these decisions great consequences often hinge. To make proper use of this short space of time means victory; its neglect means defeat."

There is not much difference between the battles of nations with nations and the battles of men with life. Daily and hourly we are all faced with crises on which great issues hang, and the thin dividing-line between success or failure is our ability to see the crisis, to recognise the opportunity, our powers of thinking clearly and deciding rapidly and wisely on the course of action we shall pursue.

Whether to-morrow will be happy or sad, filled with regrets or saturated with contentment, depends on what we decide to-day—not on what others decide for us.

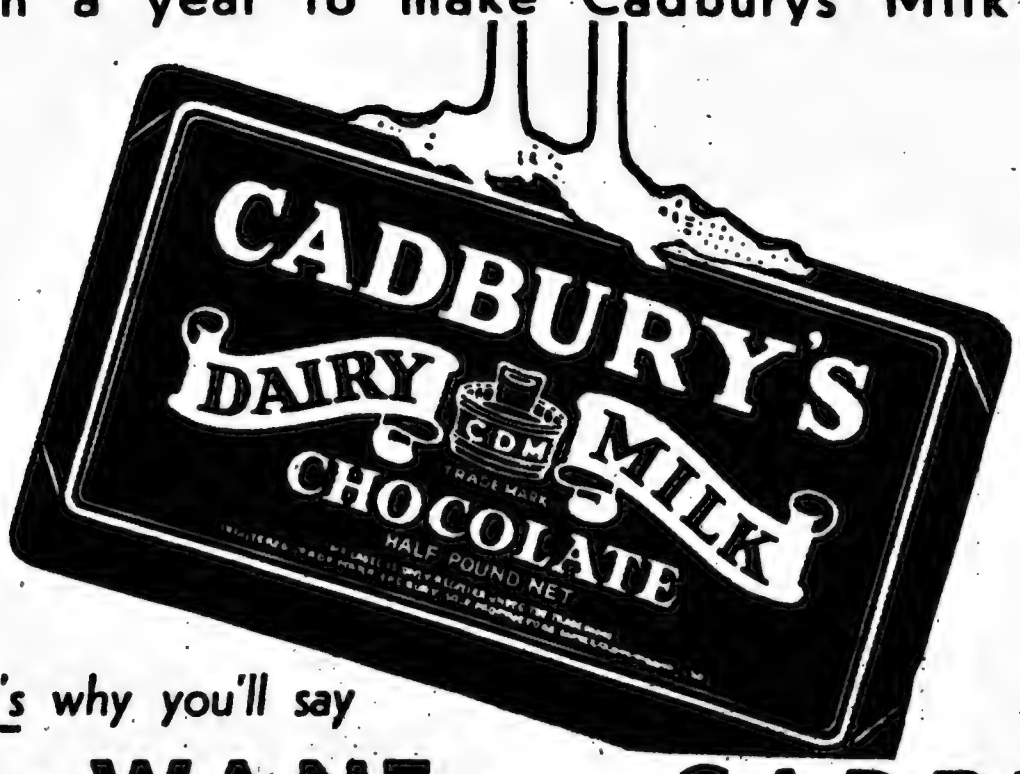
"There is a tide in the affairs of men——"; and what we are depends on our ability to use it at the flood.

A little milk problem



Multiply 1½ glasses by 117,000,000

and you get the amount of full-cream British milk used in a year to make Cadburys Milk Chocolate



A glass and a half of full-cream milk in every ½ lb. block.

Half a cup of full-cream milk in every 2d. bar.

— and *that's* why you'll say

'I . . . WANT . . . CADBURYS'

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Official CHILD *Snatchers*

THERE are no workhouses to-day; we call them Poor Law Institutions, being afraid of old-fashioned words and very anxious to believe that things can be changed by changing their names.

There are no Boards of Guardians; only Public Assistance Committees. The Bumbles of Dickens' day have vanished, and their place is filled by Poor Law officers.

But a pauper is still a pauper, and no fancy names will ever make it easy for a decent man or woman to accept the cold hospitality of the "house" or submit to its discipline.

And the relief of the poor is still in the hands of officials with tyrannical powers, and sometimes, it would seem, without a vestige of human sympathy or compassionate understanding.

Would you, for instance, have thought it possible for a child of eleven to be taken from her mother and kept utterly apart from her for ten years? Would you have believed for a moment that during the whole of this period the mother could be denied access to the child, refused all knowledge of it, and left without even the tiny consolation of a single letter?

Probably not; but such things can happen and are constantly happening under existing Poor Law legislation.

Once a child becomes chargeable to the rates for maintenance, the authorities are empowered to assume entire control of that child with all the rights and powers of parenthood, not excepting the right to hand on the child, permanently or temporarily, to other custody.

THIS state of affairs seems so monstrous as to be almost incredible. The case of Mrs. Bristow, of Lewisham, and her daughter, Kathleen, which we will now set forth, proves that unfortunately it does exist.

Following a family quarrel some ten years ago, Mr. Bristow walked out of the house and technically deserted his wife and child.

When some days passed and Mrs. Bristow had received no news of her husband or his intentions, she decided to close the home and fend for herself.

Having put the furniture in store, she and Kathleen sought admission to Greenwich workhouse for a brief period until proper arrangements for their future had been made.

The child's uncle, a merchant in Colchester, was communicated with, and he undertook to provide a home and education for the little girl.

Mrs. Bristow herself succeeded in obtaining a post as housekeeper in London, and, after ten days' residence in the workhouse, she notified the authorities of her plans and prepared to leave with her daughter.

Then came the first shock. She was told that the guardians—as the authorities were then known—had decided to exercise the astounding powers given to them by the Poor Law Act of 1899 and adopt Kathleen.

Let us add here that during the past thirty years innumerable children have been torn from their parents under this inhuman statute, which is still in force to-day.

NEITHER judge nor magistrate is consulted in the matter or required to confirm or make an order.

In the case of Kathleen Bristow the foolish guardians had no moral justification whatever for using their startling legal powers and seizing her.

Even if both her parents had been social wasters and unfit to control Kathleen, the action of the guardians was still wrong and callous.

An excellent home with her uncle and aunt was ready for her, and it was monstrous, therefore, quite apart from the cruel blow to the mother, that they should have created a new social charge upon the community for her accommodation, maintenance and education.

Nevertheless, little Kathleen was put away in a public home at Sidcup, Kent.

That was eleven years ago. *Since the hour they entered the workhouse together Mrs. Bristow has never again seen or been allowed to communicate with her daughter, and has been refused all information regarding her whereabouts or welfare.*

Only a few days after the separation of the mother and young daughter, Mr. Bristow came back to his wife and reopened their home. He and his wife have lived together ever since.

The reunited couple went at once to the guardians and demanded that their daughter should be restored.

Officials without compassion . . .

In blunt and brutal language, they were informed that henceforth they were the parents of Kathleen in name only, and that, if they attempted to interfere with the decision of the authorities, they would be given into custody.

DISTRAUGHT with grief, Mrs. Bristow haunted the guardians' offices, pleading pathetically to be given the smallest crumb of news about her baby.

It was only by chance that some time later she learned that Kathleen was being detained at the Sidcup Industrial Home. But when she and her husband went there in the hope of seeing their child, they were turned away.

Officials told them that the adoption of the girl by the guardians was complete, and, because Mrs. Bristow had made so many frantic appeals to their headquarters, they were not to see or hold correspondence with their little daughter.

Almost daily Mrs. Bristow wrote a letter to Kathleen. Whether or not the child received her mother's loving messages we do not know, but she was obviously not allowed to reply to them because not a single letter was ever received from her.

Every Saturday Mrs. Bristow went to the gates of Sidcup and handed in a tuck basket of fruit, sweets, home-made cakes and scones, and sometimes little trinkets, for the daughter she was not permitted to see.

The poor anguished mother never heard whether Kathleen ever received her gifts. Worse than that was handing in her basket of good things when, unknown to her, the child was no longer there.

For now it is known that when Kathleen reached the age of sixteen the guardians hired her out somewhere for domestic service.

Still believing that the girl was at Sidcup, Mrs. Bristow summoned the guardians for the restoration of her daughter. They refused in court to give any information about her whereabouts, and pleaded successfully that she should remain in their charge because Mrs. Bristow had made disturbances at their offices.

Disturbances! The pathetic heart-cries of a mother robbed of her child.

When Kathleen became eighteen three years ago, the legal control over her by the Poor Law authorities automatically ended. It will be thought that then they would have returned the girl to her parents or at least informed Mrs. Bristow where she could be found.

They did nothing of the kind, and have persistently refused since to disclose anything.

ONLY a few days ago it became known by accident that Kathleen was handed over body and soul to an organisation known as M.A.B.Y.S. This is a purely private body dependent on charitable subscriptions, and its real name is the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants.

What right the guardians had to surrender Kathleen Bristow to an outside body of this kind we do not know. Neither do they, it can be safely conjectured.

Mrs. Bristow had a cold reception when she called at M.A.B.Y.S. offices and sought news about her daughter. She was shown to the door.

We then sent a representative to call upon this society. He was firmly told that, while the organisation cast no reflection upon Mr. or Mrs. Bristow, its officials would refuse to give the slightest clue to where Kathleen is or what had been done with her.

We are publishing the details of this amazing case because they should serve to focus attention upon the injustice and inhumanity still possible under existing Poor Law legislation.

Our view is that no child should be thus forcibly taken away from its parents except upon a judicial order, granted only upon evidence which *proves* that the parents are entirely unfit or unable to look after the child.

We demand further that, even when such compulsory "adoption" is sanctioned, the right of access to the child shall not be unreasonably withheld. And to this end we call for an immediate revision of the existing Poor Laws.

. . . spurning the appeals of sorrowing mothers

THE *Robot* Mother

WISTFUL WOMEN *of the* NEW RUSSIA

One of the shock troops —a salient figure

Mothers snatch half an hour with their babies

THERE is no home life in Russia to-day because there are no homes. "I want to see a typical Russian home." I made that request again and again in Soviet Russia, eager to discover if, after all, life was not much the same for women and children in Moscow and Leningrad and Kiev as it is in the suburbs of London or Manchester or Glasgow.

There were no trim little houses, with gardens lovingly tended on Saturday afternoons; you could not find in Russia to-day the pleasant intimacy of an afternoon bridge-party or a friendly chat over the garden-fence on washing-day.

But you do find wonderful blocks of flats, which exteriorly make London's newest housing schemes already look old-fashioned. And in these vast community-houses the women and children of Russia sleep and keep their luggage.

Every new block of flats in Russia to-day is designed on the assumption that every adult member of the family will go out to work, that every baby will spend its day in a crêche, and that every child above the age of three will be sent to a kindergarten.

In a country where there is now an actual shortage of labour, women are expected to work outside their homes.

The woman who likes cooking, and who thinks the care of her own babies the most engaging task in the world, is driven by public opinion or economic necessity to go out to work.

Come with me to a great community-house in Moscow, and you will see exactly how the women and children of new Russia live.

Fifteen hundred men, women and children sleep in this palace of flats.

Built on three sides of a square, the community-house, with its great windows, its balconies, and its austere, refreshing lines of ultra-modern architecture, is a sharp contrast to the dusty splendours of the Kremlin.

At twelve o'clock midday I found it as quiet as a cathedral. On one floor of eleven family flats no one was at home. Every door was locked, for every member of those families was either at work or in a cot in the community crêche.

And this is what happens:

Early in the morning the families get up; mother and father hurry out with their babies.

The mother leaves the children at the crêche, and makes her way to the State rubber factory, or to the tram depôt, to begin a long day as driver or conductor, or to one of the big hotels, or to a main street for traffic control at busy points.

Canteen meals

The father goes off to his job as an electrician or to make aeroplane parts or typewriters.

All the work of the small flat is done in half an hour, for breakfast is taken at the community restaurant, and there is no food to prepare, and no dishes to be washed at home.

Both husband and wife get their chief meal at a factory or club canteen, and as any pretence of family life in a minute overcrowded Moscow flat would be unendurable, husband and wife collect their babies when the day's work is done, and simply transfer them from the community-house crêche to the club crêche.

The "Houses of Culture" which you find in the great cities of Russia are clubs which offer every kind of intellectual amusement and instruction. No woman is expected to spend her day in cooking and housework, and no woman is expected to be content with quiet evenings at home. The clubs offer diversions which the most modern workers' settlement in England is unable to approach.

Under one vast roof you often find a theatre where the most famous companies perform, concert-halls, reading and writing rooms, libraries of tens of thousands of books, refreshment buffets, lecture-halls, and rooms where you can study foreign languages or science or art.

The factory is a woman's home during the day, and her club is her home at night.

by MARIE HARRISON

Young men and women who in England would be jazzing happily to the gramophone play chess together in Russia, or listen to Bach, or attend a political meeting when the day's work is done—and then they collect their children from the crèches and return "home."

But family life under the Red Flag is not always quite so simple as this.

Every fifth day was a holiday, but this did not mean that it was necessarily a holiday for both husband and wife. In a family of four adults it might easily happen that the wife had a Monday off, the husband a Tuesday, the daughter a Wednesday, and the son a Thursday.

"It's months since I had a day with my husband," the conductor of a Leningrad tramcar told me. And she added: "As he is on a night shift at the steel works, we scarcely ever meet."

So, if you go to a House of Culture during the day you will always find some lonely men and women there, husbands spending a day's holiday while their wives work, women who play chess or read the papers or study English because their husbands are working; and a holiday is not much use unless you have someone with whom you can spend it.

Out on the wide plains or on those hilly lands from which you first see the dim, purple shadows of the Caucasus mountains, life for women will very soon be what it has already become in the towns.

Some of the collective farms already have their own schools, their own kinemas, their own restaurants, and their blocks of flats from which men and women go out daily to work on the land.

The thatched cottages of old Russia, where women spun and made bread, are slowly disappearing, and from the community-houses of the country men and women go out as dawn breaks to work their shifts, not with the hammer or the sickle, but with mass-produced tractors that are daily eating up more and more acres of uncultivated soil.

Do they like it, these women of the new Russia who have been swept by a terrific wave into this mighty industrialisation of their country?

Beneath the primitive fatalism of their race I think there is a wistful longing in the hearts of many women for a little of the softening touch of home.

She can't cook

Every community-house of flats is provided with communal kitchens, one of which is allotted to every few families.

These communal kitchens are deserted. But over gas-rings in small cupboards in their own flats I saw women making heroic efforts to cook a family meal.

"You can't cook a joint in an oven when somebody else wants to make pastry or a milk pudding," one of these women commented.

And then she added with a sigh, "It's difficult enough to get food at all to cook in your own home; when you've got it you don't want it spoiled."

If you have ever seen an early morning queue of women waiting to get milk for their children, or a midnight queue of men and women waiting for bread after they leave the factories, you realise at once that sooner or later every woman is driven by sheer exhaustion to accept community meals as the lesser evil.

The Leningrad meal factory cooks 45,000 meals a day, which can be eaten in a community dining-room or taken home; but still women stand in the streets in cold, saturating rain or beneath a hot summer sun in order to get food which can be cooked on one gas-jet in a dark corner of "home."

When their nerves are as frayed as their clothes, these women give up the struggle to get food; they try to forget that they ever made a fruit-pie or a cheese pancake, and from sheer fatigue accept State service in every department of their lives.

But, remembering those flickering gas-jets and those pitiful attempts to cook a family meal, and remembering all the young mothers who can never play with their children because Soviet Russia wants women to work outside their homes, I shall never be able to believe that the disappearance of home life has left the women wholly satisfied

It reacts on children in an extraordinary manner. There is no happy-go-lucky, family life to counteract the State influences in school or club which make the children of Soviet Russia so precocious.

If there are any mothers in Soviet Russia who want to tell the old Bible stories to their children these mothers will find that anything learnt at home will be unlearned at school.

Sad and serious

As soon as babies are old enough to be taught anything they are told that "religion is the opium of the people," and in State nurseries you will find the legend "Down with Christians!" inscribed on the walls.

Political platitudes rather than nursery rhymes are the first part of a child's education, and in a country in which everyone works for the State, work becomes the unending topic of conversation even in the homes of the people.

"Perhaps I'll see more of the children when the Five-Year Plan is over," a young mother-worker in Moscow said to me; there was a catch in her voice as she spoke.

I saw her children, over-developed mentally and under-developed physically. Neither was more than ten, and both of them asked me serious questions about the condition of England, and especially if we were still in the grip of strikes.

In the factories women are as ready as men to join those "shock brigades," who are determined to complete the Five-Year Plan in four years.

You see them, rather pale, with strained, anxious eyes, watching their machines with an attention too fixed to be diverted to any casual visitor.

Two-months' mothers

And then some woman will put down her tools or leave her machine and disappear for a while into an adjoining crèche, where, for the space of half an hour, she remembers that she is a woman—and feeds her baby.

The woman factory-worker who is about to become a mother gets two months' leave before the birth of her child, and two months afterwards, and she is entitled, when she resumes her work, to intervals during her shift in order to nurse the child.

The crèches are jolly and airy and artistic; the kindergartens are the results of the most advanced educational experiments, and the schools are rapidly improving.

But how old they are, these children of Soviet Russia! They know more of political economy than sixth-form boys at an English public school, and less of play than many a middle-aged father who romps with his babies in an English nursery.

Before dinner-time at one school I saw a little girl of eight examine the hands of all her school-mates to see that they had been duly washed.

She inspected the rows of upturned palms with the dignity of a general marching slowly between a line of troops, and she sent at least half a dozen children older than herself back to the bathroom to scrub their hands again.

Born old

The women of Russia live the lives of men, and the children of Russia live the lives of adults.

Physically they are as carefully guarded by every kind of State child-welfare service as the shortage of food allows, but they are born old, born of mothers exhausted by working at the terrific pace of the Five-Year Plan.

They are nurtured by mothers who return from feeding their babies to work once more at that tremendous speed, and brought up by teachers whose ambition it is to give them the perfect political mind.

The women look alike, and the children look alike. It is as difficult to get clothes as it is to get food; shabbiness has become a uniform common to all women, and so far as clothes go, your baby might be anyone's baby.

Travelling in the south of Russia, women in the train touched my clothes with a surprise that I should have expected to find not in Europe, but in Central Africa.

They caressed a silk jumper, examined my stockings, looked at my hat, and watched me use eau-de-cologne with startled eyes.

They were peasant women who had perhaps never been in Moscow and had seen few travellers, but their interest in clothes was only a degree less than that of the women of the cities who long for silk stockings and have to wear cotton.

Just like men

You see women on the roads, on the railway lines, in the factories, in the militia, on the farms, driving trams, leaving port to put out to sea on cargo boats, acting as magistrates, working as lawyers, doctors, scientists; you see them in their clubs, but you never see them in their homes.

And you look at the solemn little children in their State nurseries and schools, watch them at political meetings, hear a five-year-old prattling "I am not a little slave," study their faces at chess, but you never see these Soviet children racing about with the happy, mad and delicious abandon of English children.

Some day they may learn to grow young, but I doubt if their mothers will ever recapture the spirit of youth.

They bear their scars of work with gallantry and fortitude, but they are old enough to have some memory of home and of happy, homely things, and some of them at least would gladly sacrifice the workshop for the kitchen, and the chance to hear a classical concert for a pair of silk stockings.

A British contrast—the happy abandon of the beach

No matter what weather the fates may hold in store, you can have this consolation—Manikins are always constant—constantly good, constantly mild, and delightfully satisfying.

Make sure of having the best time you have ever spent by slipping one of the handy 15's packings in your pocket on your way home this evening.

Manikins will give an extra zest to your hours of ease—whether out-of-doors or at home in the comfort of an easy chair.

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'NOSTROLINE'

The Shieling of DREAMS

"From the lone shieling on the misty island
Mountains divide us and a waste of seas:
But still the blood is warm, the heart is highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."—ANONYMOUS.

THE main facts in this story of a very remarkable character are absolutely true. But I cannot, somehow, bring myself to mention Captain "Duncan MacKinnon's" real name; it would be like breaking a confidence.

In the few days I spent with him at sea I conceived a warm affection for him.

He had, and still has, his counterparts all over the world—Scots who have never seen the land they love with a burning devotion, the place they always refer to as "home," the dream-country which stands for more to them than any other spot on earth.

In my thirty years of world-wandering I have rubbed shoulders with all nationalities, and I can truthfully say that only in the case of the Scottish race is this devotion to country carried down "even unto the third and fourth generation."

I have thought about it often, discussed it with different people a thousand times, but I have never been able to explain it.

* * *

"COME right aboard, Harry, ma laddie! Losh, but it does ma eyes good to see ye! Let's have a look at ye!

"There ye are, ye wee rascal, big nose, 'specks,' kilt an' all that—the same Harry Lauder that I have known for twenty years an' more.

"Sure, it's like a breather of the heather ye are to ma nostrils! We'll step up to my state-room and just have a wee deoch for Auld Lang Syne!"

This cheery welcome was given me by Captain Duncan MacKinnon, of the good ship *Kwang*, and when I stepped on her deck she was lying in a Far Eastern port, steam up and all ready for her fortnightly trip to the islands a thousand miles away.

As I followed the big, jovial, suntanned and bearded skipper of the *Kwang* to his cabin on the bridge deck, I could not help saying to myself, "Fancy a Highland greeting like this six thousand miles from Scotland!"

While the coolie steward was mixing the drinks, I asked the captain, in view of his claim to have known me for twenty years and more, where we had first met.

Captain MacKinnon did not answer, but led me to a cabinet gramophone in the corner of his cabin. Pulling open the doors enclosing the records, he made a gesture with his hand.

"DOWN there," he said, "I've got every song ye ever sang, from 'Killiecrankie' to 'Roamin' in the Gloamin'.'

"I never grow tired of them. They take me back to Bonnie Scotland. But forbye yer songs, Harry, just take a glance round my cabin, will ye?"

I did so. And what I saw amazed me. Each little picture on the walls was of a Scottish scene, and there were two Henry Kerr paintings of the typical Scottish character-studies in which that artist excels.

The bed-covering was a light tartan rug. Between the two forward portholes were the antlers of a red stag, shot in the forests of Sutherlandshire. Immediately below was a large framed contour map of Scotland.

On the dressing-table, one at each side, stood two rather faded photographs in heavy silver frames—the pictures being those of a stalwart, elderly man in full Highland costume and of a gentle-faced woman wearing an old-fashioned, tight-fitting dress of black material, relieved only by a white collar held together by a large St. Andrew's Cross brooch.

No need to surmise who *that* couple were!

On the round table in the centre of the state-room were several books. I forget now the titles of some of them, but the Bible was one, the Poems of Robert Burns was another, a third was "Tales of a Grandfather," and another was Jane Porter's "Scottish Chiefs."

LAST of all, but to me more astounding than anything else in that extraordinary room, I espied an open box, over the edges of which hung the tartan-draped drones of a set of bagpipes.

A piper myself, I was immensely interested to learn that Captain MacKinnon could "blaw a bit," and we there and then gleefully arranged to play some reels and strathspeys on deck after dinner that evening. We did so, to the delighted amusement of passengers and crew.

During the few days our voyage lasted Captain MacKinnon and I were inseparable. I found him one of the most fascinating and complete Scotsmen I had ever met.

On the night before we parted the curious thought occurred to me: "Several times I have asked the captain what part of Scotland he hails from, but, apart from references to his people in Ross-shire, he has always sheered off from going into particulars.

"There is a mystery somewhere; I'll pin him down to telling me just where he was born!"

I asked him the question point-blank.

Captain MacKinnon turned away his head and gazed for a few seconds through the porthole of his state-room into the warm, blue, tropic night. When he faced me there were tears in his eyes. I waited for the story which I knew was coming.

* * *

"Sir Harry," he began, "I've a confession to make to you. I'm a Scot to the backbone, and a Highlander moreover, but I have never beheld the 'land of brown heath and shaggy wood.' The nearest point I have ever been to Scotland is the western shores of the Malay Peninsula.

"But for forty years and more I have lived for the day—and it is coming soon—when my wife and I will go back to the dear land of our forefathers.

"I HAVE only one more trip to make on the old *Kwang*. Then it will be 'up-anchor' and 'home to Scotland's hills and Scotland's dales!' for both of us.

"We have no settled ideas of what we shall do. But the first place we intend to make for is the Kyle of Lochalsh, near which my father and mother were born, and within twenty miles of which my wife's parents lived before they went to Australia seventy years ago.

"Oh, Harry, but I'm wearied to see the homeland—it has been 'ma thocht by day an' ma dream by nicht,' as the old song says, since I was a wee laddie at my mother's knee in Brisbane.

"And to think that in a few weeks' time I'll be 'breastin' the purple heather,' and looking out over the Minch to the Hebrides—oh, man, but it fairly brings the tears to my eyes!"

I was profoundly affected by the captain's statement, and, to tell the truth, my own eyes were wet as I watched his emotion and listened to his words.

He went on by and by to tell his story in fuller detail. I will try to repeat it very briefly.

Away back in the middle of last century, his father and mother had been dispossessed of their Highland croft to make room for the sporting deer which were considered far more important than men and women.

MAKING their way to Greenock, they had sailed thence to Australia in a 300-ton barque, and ultimately settled down near Brisbane. There their one child was born to them.

From their earliest days in Australia it had been the ambition of MacKinnon, senior, and his wife to return to Scotland with enough to live on. But the fortune they hoped to win never came.

Scotland, as the place to which they turned their fond longings, receded further and further away from them.

But they saw to it that young Duncan should be "reared in the faith."

They taught him to speak Gaelic, to play the bagpipes; they instilled into his childish mind a love and veneration for Scotland and for all things Scottish—its history, its geography, its lore and its romance.

And when, at fourteen years of age, young Duncan entered upon his seafaring life as a cabin-boy on a Pacific trader, he carried with him, as the sole gift of his father and mother—the only gift, indeed, they could afford to give him—a Gaelic Bible, a copy of Robert Burns' poems, and half-a-dozen tattered volumes of Sir Walter Scott's novels.

After ten years of roaming over the Pacific, Duncan took his captain's certificate at Sydney.

His first command was a big schooner, sailing between Thursday Island and the China Seas, and he did so well with this ship that he was able to buy one of his own.

Prosperous voyages over a period o

Next Week:

FRED M. WHITE

says—

"THE staggering improbability on which this story hangs is no invention of mine. I am prepared to swear an affidavit to that."

"The Missing Witness"

THIS DRAMA OF REAL LIFE—

RECORDS, BUT DOES NOT EXPLAIN, A MYSTERIOUS TRAIT IN SCOTTISH CHARACTER

by SIR HARRY LAUDER

rs enabled him to buy a house for old folks on the shores of lovely dney Harbour.

ach time he returned home for a day the three of them did little than speak of the day, rapidly proaching, when they would all be e to "go home" to Scotland for od.

The young captain married a High- d maid from Brora on one of his ations and she also was very full the idea of a return to the misty orlands of her birth.

The very next voyage, however, ought dire misfortune to Captain cKinnon. His ship was attacked by nese pirates and scuttled with a uable cargo—his own property.

Several of his crew were killed, and skipper, badly injured, only naged to escape with his life. ither ship nor cargo was insured.

After lying in the British hospital Shanghai for ten months, Mac- nnon returned to Australia a ruined n.

During his absence his father had died, and not long after his arrival the mother followed her man to the grave. It was a case of beginning all over again for the young captain.

And twenty years elapsed before he was once more in a position to renew his cherished dreams of settling down in the country he had never seen, but which he had been taught to love with passionate attachment.

IN the meantime the Great War had come. There were two fine boys in the MacKinnon household at Sydney—one was a schoolmaster of twenty-two and the other a marine engineer just out of his apprenticeship.

The skipper was at home when the news of Britain at war set all Australia throbbing with excitement.

Between Captain MacKinnon, his wife, and the two boys there was no argument; no breath of hesitation or solemn pondering of the "situation."

The call was crystal-clear. The boys would sail at once for England, go right up to Inverness, and join the Cameron Highlanders, "our own territorial division," as their father put it.

Young Duncan MacKinnon and his brother Angus left Australia on the first available steamer. And less than four months later they fell side by side in the muddy hell that was Flanders!

"Thank God, they had a few weeks in Scotland before they went across the Channel," exclaimed the captain at the conclusion of his story.

"They wrote long letters telling us all about it. We treasured these letters, and their mother and I are going all over the ground they covered on their way up to Inverness to enlist.

"After we have done that we shall go west to the Kyle of Lochalsh or Ullapool, and there, we hope, get a small house and settle down for the days that may still be left to us.

"It's a grand prospect, Sir Harry, and we are looking forward to it with more joy than I can find words to describe. Our happiness would have been complete had the boys been spared to us."

I arranged there and then that Captain MacKinnon and his wife should come to my place at Dunoon and spend a week or two with me the following summer—my tour would not finish until then.

And when our brief voyage came to an end I bade him an affectionate farewell.

He piped me "ower the side" at Manila, and as I drove away he changed the tune from a quick-step to the wailing melody of "Lochaber No More." I did not think anything about this at the time. But it was a prophetic tune!

THREE months later I was sitting in a hotel in a small town in New Zealand, and idly picked up a six-weeks-old newspaper. Among the very first items of news my eye roamed over was the following:

"On arrival yesterday at the island port of ——, the chief officer of the steamer *Kwang* reported that during the voyage one of the native stewards suddenly ran amok while the passengers were seated at dinner.

"He attacked the diners with a long galley-knife, and would undoubtedly have inflicted dreadful injuries had it not been for the bravery of Captain MacKinnon, who instantly grappled with the madman and disarmed him.

"Unfortunately, the native had also a pistol concealed upon his person, and before he could be secured he drew the weapon and shot Captain MacKinnon through the heart.

"Captain MacKinnon was one of the most popular captains in Eastern seas and the tragedy is all the more poignant in that he was making his last trip on the *Kwang* before retiring with his wife to live in Scotland."

I immediately asked my Australian agents to get in touch with Mrs. MacKinnon for the purpose of offering her my sincerest sympathy and to arrange for her, if she so desired, to go back to England with my wife and myself when my tour was completed.

Next morning I received a cable saying that Mrs. MacKinnon had died of a broken heart a week after her husband's tragic death.

"We gleefully arranged to play some reels and strathspeys on deck . . ."

Now the richest breakfast is quickest too!

QUICK Quaker is ready in 3 or 4 minutes . . . ready in less time than it takes to make the tea.

Our varying summer climate calls for adequate nourishment at all times. A Quaker breakfast sustains, nourishes. It gives every member of the family energy to enjoy the fine summer days and protects their health when sudden rainy days come.

Only if you are well nourished and healthy can you get the most out of life. Quaker Oats is the family's best health and happiness assurance—appetising and delicious. *Quick* Quaker, ready in 3 or 4 minutes, is the world's quickest hot breakfast—and the most economical, too.

Two kinds—Quaker Oats and Quick *Quaker. Both made in Canada.*

Q63

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Rubicon Mixture is made entirely from rich, mellow leaf and is *not "doctored" or "faked"* in any way. In taste, aroma and satisfaction it closely resembles tobaccos costing up to a 1/- per ounce. Try Rubicon next time.

Made by John Sinclair Limited
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Once the Taylor family were able to smile, but now—

A SHAMEFUL BETRAYAL

THERE has never been a worse betrayal of honest British workers and their families than one now being committed by the Government of Canada.

Almost every ship from the West which reaches Southampton, Plymouth, Liverpool and the Clyde brings back to their homeland a pitiable company of ruined and broken people.

They are the men and women who surrendered their all in this country during the past few years, and were induced to go to Canada with their children on official promises of a new life and a secure and happy future.

After having enticed them abroad by false pretences and shamefully exploited their labour, the Canadian authorities have now no further use for them.

They are being shipped back to Britain as deportees at the rate of ten a day. More than three thousand have returned in these humiliating circumstances during the past twelve months.

The only crime

Of course, they land here in the glutted labour market penniless, without homes or possessions of any kind. The men are ineligible for unemployment benefit, and most of them and their families have to seek private charity or the workhouse.

When possibly work is available to them, employers invariably refuse it when told that they have been sent back with the stigma of deportation.

But the only "crime" of which these wretched thousands were guilty in Canada was that they were homeless and starving because of the deception practised upon them by the Canadian emigration agencies.

We relate the case of Mr. H. C. Taylor, of 68, Plains of Waterloo, Ramsgate, Kent, who was deported home a few days ago. The facts are damnable, but they are typical of the mass of tragedies of the kind.

Mr. Taylor, who is not yet forty, after a fine war record with the Royal Air Force in France and Mesopotamia, joined the civil engineering establishment of the R.A.F.

His post was good and permanent, but he longed for a more spacious life.

The prospect of one was held out to him by the Canadian emigration authorities, who told him that he could earn excellent wages learning farming at Moncton, New Brunswick, and assured him that he would possess a farm of his own there within three years.

As a guarantee of genuineness, they provided him with letters of introduction to Government agricultural officers and leading townsmen of Moncton.

So Mr. Taylor sold up his home at Harefield, Middlesex, booked passages, and with his wife and three children set sail.

Disillusionment began when they went ashore at Halifax. They were told by the immigration officials that there was not the slightest chance of finding work at Moncton, and at Halifax they remained stranded for days while their small capital dwindled.

Then a Government agent found Mr. Taylor a situation with a farmer at Scarletown, Prince Edward Island.

But he was not told that no Canadian or anyone else would work for this man, who had been on the labour black-list for years.

Foodless, in a shack

Taylor found he had to be in the fields seven days a week from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m., and his family was housed in a place worse than a pigsty.

He could not obtain any wages from his employer, and when he reported the facts to the Department of Agriculture he was moved to Charlottetown.

There his family were accommodated in a ruined stone building without windows, and soon the health of the children failed in consequence of want of food.

When work was available it was only for a day or two at a time, and Taylor's income rarely exceeded 10s. a week, although more often it was nothing. For months their only food was potatoes.

In the end he and his family had to depend on gathering wild berries in the woods, which they bartered for bread.

The brutal reply which is now given to every British settler in Canada who protests was received by Mr. Taylor when he communicated with Ottawa and complained [illegible] the manner in wh[ich] he had been [de]ceived.

That answer [was] deportation.

Police officers [arr]ived and escor[ted] the family in the train to Halif[ax] where they were kept in prison-[like] for a week, being allowed only [to] emerge for exercise in an iron-barr[ed] gangway 10 ft. long and 8 ft. wide.

Also deported with the Taylors [at] the same time from Prince Edw[ard] Island were a family of six name[d] Moxey, who are now living [at] Lowestoft, and a Welsh woman [and] her month-old baby.

Mr. F. W. Moxey had also been [de]posed upon by the emigration authori[ties] in Britain. Under the soldier [set]tlement scheme, he had agreed [to] buy a farm by instalments for £[300] but soon discovered that he had be[en] sold only a useless piece of swa[mp] land.

He was compelled to abandon it, [and] forfeited all the money that he h[ad] paid.

So bad was the house provided [for] his living quarters that he had [to] place his children in an orphanage.

The three families were sent ba[ck] to Britain from their prison in Hal[i]fax by way of New York, where th[ey] had to endure other extraordinar[y] experiences.

The ship remained for more than [a] week at New York, and while in h[ar]bour the owners of the vessel engag[ed] armed guards to supervise them.

Revolvers on table

Their quarters were in tiny isolat[ed] cabins above the third-class de[ck]. The doors of the stifling cabins we[re] locked, and no one was allowed [to] move from them, guards being post[ed] outside.

Even when these innocent Britis[h] families went to meals they were a[c]companied by the guards, who s[at] between them with their revolvers [on] the table.

Protests were unavailing, but M[r.] Taylor was able at last to get a let[ter] smuggled from the ship to the Britis[h] Consul-General in New York d[e]scribing the suffering and frightful [in]dignities to which the deportees we[re] being subjected.

Our Consul acted at once, but th[e] conditions were not improved until [a] few hours before the ship sailed [for] England.

The Taylors are now at Ramsg[ate] in utter poverty and without hope.

They retain as a tragic souvenir [of] their bitter adventures the offic[ial] letters of introduction which were [to] have taken them to prosperity a[nd] independence, but which proved [to] have been only instruments in a gr[im] and terrible farce.

Will the Canadian High Commi[s]sioner in Britain first relieve [the] family from their destitution and [t]hen proceed to obtain proper co[m]pensation for their betrayal?

We await his answer.

A Holiday Secret

You've all heard of Ethelred the Unready, who married a lady named Emma. Being an amiable person he was more prone to marry an Emma than most people.

Picture him off to the seaside carrying the twins Egbert and Egflip, golf clubs, a carpet bag and fishing-rod, and a parrot in a cage.

What happened to "Ethelred the Unready" is the subject of a new tale by A. A. Thomson, who records that "a week later you might have seen on the sunny beach a mild, absent-minded little man, just lying there at peace with the world for hours and hours and hours."

Why was he so happy?—Well, just read JOHN BULL'S Summer Holiday Annual, and you will be happy, too. A Holiday of Happiness for Sixpence.

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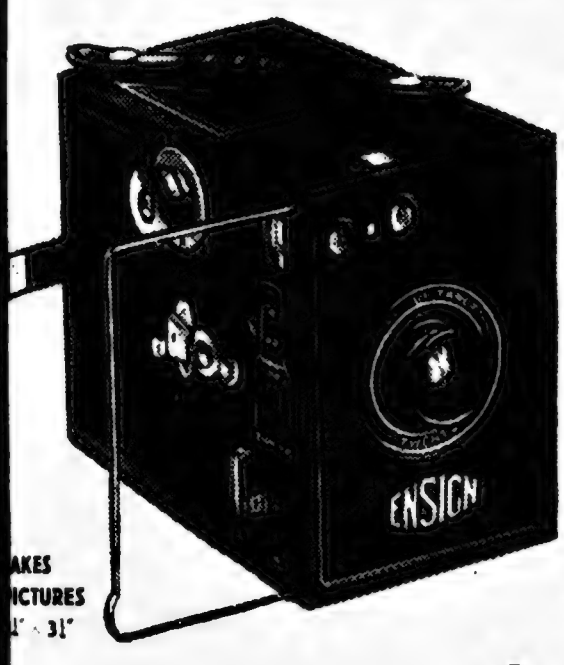

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Bananas

Why is it called the Wake-up food?

POST TOASTIES releases its stored-up energy quickly. These crisp, golden flakes of Indian Corn are packed with quick new energy. Give the family a flying start on the day's work—with Post Toasties, the Wake-up Food. Buy the big red and yellow packet from your grocer today, and try it tomorrow, with milk or cream.

Post Toasties

The Wake-up Food

MADE IN CANADA

POST TOASTIES IS ONE OF THE POST PRODUCTS, WHICH INCLUDE GRAPE-NUTS, POSTUM, POST'S BRAN FLAKES AND POST'S WHOLE BRAN.

BREACH-of-Promise LEGACY

"The dead hand dominating the living." Mr. Justice McCardie

Judged by DEAD MEN

OFTEN upright citizens are heard to complain that they have not had justice in the Law Courts. Often it is true. The principal reason why it is true is only just beginning to dawn upon the public mind.

It is not simply a question of the ability to pay legal costs. The root of the evil lies deeper than the disparity between rich and poor.

Frequently the law itself, even when interpreted with the strictest accuracy, is an instrument of injustice.

Though shocking, this is hardly surprising, when it is remembered that His Majesty's judges to-day are bound hand-and-foot by the decisions of their predecessors in bygone generations.

It is only a part of the law administered in the courts which is plainly stated in Acts of Parliament.

As well as formal legislation which every citizen must obey, there are numberless rules and injunctions which rest simply upon the wisdom, or folly, of judges who have been dead for years.

It is ridiculous and amazing, yet entirely true, that because Mr. Justice Blank, in 1820, or Mr. Justice Dash, in 1730, decided a certain case in a certain way, it should be compulsory for a judge in 1931, faced with similar circumstances, to follow his decision as obediently as if it were a clause in a modern Act of Parliament.

For this is precisely what lawyers mean when they talk of the "common law." It is simply the "dead hand" dominating the interests of the living.

Unless there is an Act of Parliament to meet his case, or the Court of Appeal has reversed an ancient judgment, the man who goes to law to-morrow may discover, to his chagrin, that his fate was to all intents and purposes sealed a century or more ago.

MUCH of this judge-made law dates from the Middle Ages, bearing no just relation to present-day conditions.

For example, it is a pronouncement of the Court of King's Bench in far-off Tudor times which lays it down that by the law of England a man is answerable in damages for wrongs committed by his wife.

In those days there was a measure of reason and justice in this rule, for it was a time when wives belonged body and soul to their husbands, who were entitled to exact from them, even with the help of a stick, slavish obedience.

So for a while no one grumbled, one merry judge observing, as he applied the ancient rule, that "he who keeps a monkey must pay for its tricks"!

In this fourth decade of the twentieth century, however, our judges are still forced, even where the grossest injustice results, to follow the mediæval rule.

The wife who slanders or assaults a neighbour, unless she has property of her own, has nothing to fear from an action for damages; but her unfortunate husband, who may have an incessant struggle to pay his way, will be compelled to satisfy the neighbour's claim in full.

Save for this unjust law, a cheap and handy police-court summons would more often be used to avenge the havoc of feminine malice.

This is not because of any blunder of Parliament, for you may search the Statute Book in vain for any reference to the subject; but because, more than three hundred years ago, the judges declared the law to be that for a wife's misdoing her husband must pay.

AGAIN, bygone judges, in their wisdom, decided that when a contract had been broken the aggrieved party should be awarded as damages no more than the amount of the loss he had suffered.

This time their decree was fair and just. It should have applied to contracts of every kind; but, at the commencement of the last century, a fair plaintiff appeared in tears before the King's Bench, suing for damages for breach of promise against a faithless lover.

Listening to her tale of woe, the court gushed sentiment and sympathy, and, with no previous warrant for such a departure from the law of contract, the judge told the jury that it might properly take into consideration the lady's "injured feelings," and award such damages as would not simply compensate her loss of a husband, but punish the rascal who had trifled with her maiden affections.

Here we have the ancient law of contract revised in a word, not by the Houses of Parliament, but by the Court of King's Bench.

In due course the Appeal Court held that this striking departure from precedent was "in sound accord with natural justice and the consideration proper between parties proposing marriage."

As a result, it quickly became the habit of juries to award swingeing damages in breach-of-promise cases, the figure in one celebrated action reaching £50,000.

And this quite irrespective of the fact that the girl, thus handsomely enriched, might already have consoled herself elsewhere. Would Parliament ever have sanctioned such an enormity as this?

In Lancashire last year a careless motorist knocked down and killed a child.

The case did not quite amount to manslaughter, and there is no Act of Parliament saying, one way or the other, whether for a man to kill the offspring of another, through culpable negligence, is an actionable wrong.

Here again, however, there is judge-made law, inhuman in its callousness and cynicism. The courts have long ago decided that in such circumstances no action shall lie against the slayer.

Has he not relieved the parent of the financial burden of supporting the child?

As someone remarked during the hearing of the action: "It is cheaper to kill a child than a cow."

Equally brutal is the judge-made law, with which again Parliament has had nothing to do, which lays it down that a girl, however cruelly she may have been betrayed, shall have no right to lump sum damages against a wealthy seducer.

Here, plainly, is a survival from the days when to despoil humble beauty was the lawful sport of ruffians of high degree.

MODERN judges, making new law in their turn, have permitted the girl's father to bring an action, provided he can satisfy the court that, through the injury done to his daughter, he has suffered the loss of her services, which need amount to nothing more substantial than dusting the mantelpiece or pouring out cups of tea.

It was in an action respecting a young girl's moral downfall, the father having somehow failed to establish "loss of service," probably because the daughter was a mere child, that the late Mr. Justice Shearman, shortly before his death, declared:

"I am reluctantly compelled to enforce a law of which every decent citizen should be ashamed."

"My own view is," said Mr. Justice McCardie recently, "that the slavery of decisions coming down from former judges is doing infinite hurt to British justice. It is monstrous that decisions given in the seventeenth and eighteenth century should govern us to-day."

Few will quarrel with his lordship's protest. Most will applaud his ringing sounding words.

The Summer Picnic will be doubly delightful

IT is so delightful to have picnic meals—on the beach or in some quiet spot in the country.

And everybody is doubly delighted—the children especially—if Mummy makes sure that the picnic beverage is "Ovaltine" served *cold*.

Mummy knows that appetites are more difficult to please in the summer, that less food is eaten—while the need for energy-giving nourishment is greater, because more energy is expended in sports and games. That is why we become quickly tired in hot weather.

Cold "Ovaltine" is not only delicious and refreshing, but it also supplies energy-giving nourishment in a concentrated form. The lightest meal is made complete in nutritive value.

No trouble to prepare—simply add "Ovaltine" to cold milk or milk and water and whisk for a minute.

OVALTINE'

SERVED COLD

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/3 2/- *and* 3/9 *per tin.*

P658

'— and that's that!'

says Mrs. Rawlins

"It's not yet tea-time and I'm all finished . . . everything went fine to-day! The copper drew nicely and the mangle turned a treat. And my Robin Starch was a 'elping 'and, if ever there was one . . . being a powder starch Robin mixes in a wink, and the iron can't 'ardly wait for me! . . . then the finish I get! Like a new sixpence! Where'd I be without Robin, Mum? . . . and my Reckitt's Blue! It's Reckitt's Blue for a proper white . . . sets me thinking of the Christmasses we 'ad when I was a girl.

"It would 'ave been a job, Mum, getting through that wash without my Reckitt's Blue and Robin Starch."

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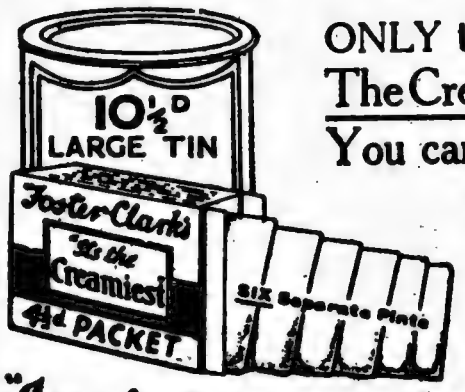

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Now how does your existing water heating system cope with your family's needs? Does it provide hot water on tap so that anyone can bath at any time; so that the last one in the bathroom is as fortunate as the first? For that is the ideal. And happily it can easily be attained. There is a modern gas water heater to suit your household, to give them really hot water on tap, at all baths, basins and sinks. The cost of heating water by gas is remarkably low—*well within your means.* No work is involved because modern gas water heaters are entirely automatic in action.

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Mrs. GRUNDY GETS *Sun-Stroke*

MAHOGANY-HUED men and golden-brown women, nut-brown babies and youngsters bubbling over with joyous vitality—these you may see this year on the long stretches of Hastings, Sussex, beach.

For Hastings, progressive community, has decided to lift the ban on sun-bathing: has, in fact, officially issued a warm welcome to all who seek health and vigour in the golden rays of the sun.

Here is official recognition of a great movement. At present the sun-bathing facilities even at Hastings are hedged about with restrictions and scrutinised by officials. Moreover, a fee of sixpence is charged before one can enter any of the ten official sun-bathing stations on the beach.

But the great principle has been accepted and approved. None but the cranks would advocate nudity or promiscuity. The sane sun-bathers merely want freedom to revel in the sunlight wearing the decent minimum of clothing. And this freedom has been given to them by Hastings.

This change of heart in one town by the sea may usher in a new era for this country. It means that sooner or later other seaside resorts must follow suit. It means the end of Mr. Paul Pry and the complete discomfiture of the numerous Grundy family.

There are still people who regard the cult of the sun as a Continental crank. It is nothing of the sort.

After the war, Central Europe was faced by a semi-starved generation that presented a biological menace to the Teutonic races. Good food costs much money; but sunlight is free.

Experiment and experience revealed the astonishing fact that youngsters debilitated by a war-time ration could be restored to complete health by sunlight.

Indecent nonsense

The results of those early experiments may be seen to-day in Central Europe in a vigorous young man and woman hood, released from the fetters of the old restrictions and made free of the air and sunlight.

Not long ago, when he returned from Sweden, Dean Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, uttered a solemn warning to his countrymen.

He declared that we were losing in the race for national fitness; that the Continental peoples were forging a generation of vital and lusty young people.

Unless we lose the idea that the human body as God made it is indecent, said the Dean, we shall fall behind in the great race for national fitness.

"Want freedom to revel in the sunlight"—as at Hastings

Yet, despite the advocacy of sun-bathing by such authoritative people as George Bernard Shaw, Sir Herbert Barker, Sir William Arbuthnot Lane and many more, the policy of many of our seaside resorts has been opposed to the practice.

Sun-bathing, declared the fossilised town elders, was nothing more than shamelessness, to be put down with the full vigour of the law.

So the poor, sun-starved city dweller had to slink away to some remote place in order to divest himself of the superfluous clothing that covered his shameful body.

Starving for it

Some councils went even farther, and demanded that all bathers and baskers should wear the full university costume.

Anything more unscientific and unreasonable could not be imagined, for the body covered by a costume is masked from the health-giving ultra-violet light.

To forbid people to expose themselves to sunlight is as iniquitous as to deny bread to the starving.

We have less sunshine than any other country in Europe, and have less sun-bathing facilities than any other people.

That is why so many people, and every year more, turn their backs on our beautiful seaside resorts and cross the Channel or North Sea.

Many of these people would stay at home if they were permitted to do everywhere what Hastings is now permitting them.

There are people who advocate converting our seaside resorts into the Continental style of pleasure-place. For instance, many desire to see the introduction of casinos. But the truth is, casinos are dull places. We can do without them.

Between the Continental style of

Cash the Coupons!

Everybody's doing it! Turn to page 34 for JOHN BULL'S Great New Pen Offer.

Good-bye to Peeping TOM

wat ring - pla and our own the ideal We t to annex p rsonal freed of the foreig we can omit h heetic types of calli d pleasure.

We can take sun ideal from him, but leave roulette-wheel and card-table.

If our seaside resorts are to rec ture the summer business they h been losing steadily with the spread Continental ideas and the increa facilities for comfortable for travel, particularly by air, then t must forget old prejudices and worn ideas and look forward. Hastings is looking forward.

Consider a typical seaside resort.

Golden sands ribboned out be the blue sea. You may bathe—fro dark, dank bathing-box—but you m return to it forthwith.

You may sit on a chair on t beach—but you must be prop dressed; that is, masked from t sunlight your body craves.

Why not dance?

If you desire to dance, then y must wait until evening comes and off to a smoke-laden dance-place.

If you declare that after a morn swim you would like to dance on open-air dance-floor in your bath costume, your suggestion will bra you as a person of questionab morals.

Why do we lag behind?

The answer is simple. We do so b cause we have been far slower th the Continental peoples in recognis the truth about sunlight in relat to health.

It has been the same with hik Ten years ago all young Europe hik and now our young people are beg ning to rediscover the delights of t broad highway and leafy by-way.

Similarly with sun-bathing—in En land you found a bored holiday cro lolling in tuppenny deck-chairs wh a brass band blared out ancient mus

It was a crowd that wanted to en itself, but did not know quite ho It was a crowd that had to " itself " that the seaside was a f place.

Now, at long last, we appear to wakening to the fact that it is we threw off the old restrictions a notions of what is proper. Slowly, inevitably, our outlook is changing.

Ankles only!

Our younger generation lags b in the race for physical fitness— the race is to the strong.

We laugh at the memory of th hooded bathing-machine from wh an enshrouded Victorian miss bobb in the water, swathed in the volum ous folds of an ankle-length garme

So, perhaps, to-morrow we shall the subject of mirth for a generati made free of the light.

Whether, like Canute, they re the tide of opinion and science or t the city fathers of our coastal to will find that no prudish admonit or censure will prevail against th who seek the sun.

The wiser among them will ext a welcoming hand to the children the sun.

If you haven't tried Beech-Nut, you've missed the very *finest chewing gum made.* Only delicate tips of *carefully selected peppermint* are used to give Beech-Nut its cool, delicious flavour. And how that flavour lasts. . . . And Beech-Nut is so good *for* you. Doctors and dentists agree that Beech-Nut helps to keep teeth white and strong, assists digestion. Leading athletes endorse Beech-Nut for its refreshing, nerve-steadying qualities.
Here's a splendid way to get more health and pleasure for a penny.
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THE COOL FLAVOUR OF PEPPERMINT

D. 189

£50 FIRST PRIZE FOR A LIMERICK LAST LINE

A bather at Clacton-on-Sea
Who was seized with a cramp in the knee,
Shouted out to his wife
"If you don't save my life

.....

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop), or label from 'Diploma' Milk, 'Coronet' Milk or 'Moonraker' Empire Cheese. Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be written on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition (Dept. 7),
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.

1053 OTHER PRIZES

1st PRIZE	£50
2nd PRIZE	£10
3rd PRIZE	£5
4th PRIZE	£2
50	10/- POSTAL ORDERS
500	2/6 POSTAL ORDERS
500	ELECTRO-PLATED CHEESE HOLDERS

CLOSING DATE: Entries must reach us not later than **Friday, July 31.**

RESULT: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

DIPLOMA
The English CRUSTLESS CHEESE
Cheddar or Cheshire. 6, 8, or 12 portions, 1/4½

"NEGLECT, *doctors say*
MAY MEAN HOURS OF NEEDLESS PAIN AND WORRY"

Protect all minor injuries *at once* this simple way

TOO BUSY to think about herself! Hundreds of daily tasks to do for others — cooking, ironing, cleaning house. Countless little accidents may occur and too often the hurried housewife ignores the injury.

"Neglect," doctors say, "may lead to serious trouble, so easily does infection occur."

Make sure *you* are taking no chances! Have a jar of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly always at hand. After washing, smear a little on the wound and then bandage. It forms a protective layer, keeps the wound clean and helps healthy tissues to grow.

All chemists and stores have "Vaseline" Jelly in jars, tubes and tins, yellow and white. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark
Petroleum Jelly

HINTS TO MOTHERS

BOOK WHICH HAS AIDED THREE GENERATIONS

Isn't it amazing how mother love ensures such thoughtful care of Baby, wedged in between cleaning, cooking, buying and the million other tasks which make up the running of a home!

Anything that truly helps is so appreciated. That is why Steedman's little red book 'Hints to Mothers' has become such an invaluable home doctor and guide in hundreds of homes all over the world.

It deals so practically with every little ailment that mother feels safer when she has it handy. And in the case of accident or serious illness it tells what to do while awaiting the doctor.

It is, in fact, just the useful guide you would expect from the makers of those famous Steedman's Powders—the aperient made especially for childhood's years, from teething time until fourteen.

So safe—so sure. They regulate the little bowels, banishing constipation and its attendant ills, and keeping the blood clean and cool.

Your free copy of 'Hints to Mothers' is awaiting you. Why not send a postcard for it NOW, mentioning "John Bull," to John Steedman & Co., 270b, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

SELFRIDGE'S
CHROMIUM PLATED TOURIST CYCLE

8/9 NOW

And 14 monthly payments of 8/9 completes purchase.

This wonderful 1931 Model is an entirely British product—British made and is therefore of thoroughly reliable quality. It is excellently finished and of the very latest design. All British Parts Chromium Plated

COMPARE THIS SPECIFICATION

DUNLOP Roadster Tyres.
DUNLOP Waterproof Saddle.
CHAIN British Best Roller ½ in. × ⅛ in.
STURMEY Archer 3-Speed
OILBATH Gear Case.
VALANCED Mudguards.

CASH PRICE **£5.15.0** GUARANTEED 50 YEARS

WOMEN'S MODEL **£5.19.6** or 9/3 with Order and 14 Monthly Payments of 9/3.

Send at once for Illustrated List to Dept. J.B.

SELFRIDGE & CO., LTD., OXFORD ST. LONDON.

Stabbing Shooting Corns

dissolved by Radox

Throbbing, spiteful corns that stab you at every step; sore, swollen, burning feet that you can hardly drag to your journey's end. . . . For pity's sake, sink those poor tortured feet into a fragrant refreshing Radox footbath and give them the treat of their lives. Revel in the cooling, healing comfort that it brings: feel it calming all the inflammation, soothing all the soreness; linger in its luxury; let the softening salts of Radox get to business on those corns, dissolving them away right down to their roots. Repeat this pleasant treatment for a few nights, and then be prepared to find those old, tormenting corns detached from their moorings—projecting from their cavities—inviting you to pick them out painlessly between your finger and thumb.

"I used to suffer with corns on my little toes, which were very painful, and I had to go to a chiropodist and have them removed, but when I tried Radox I was surprised to find how easily the corns could be removed after 20 minutes' soaking in hot water, and after a month's trial they were gone completely. That is between four and five years ago, so now I soak my feet well in hot water and Radox once a week, and my feet are in really good condition and free from corns."

1st *May*, 1931. (*Miss*) *J.M.L., Hove.*

And this amazing foot-reconditioning treatment is so inexpensive, too—only 1s. 6d. for the ½ lb. pink packet, or 2s. 6d. double quantity. The large packet means enough for a Radox footbath every night for weeks, if you desire.

WONDERFUL

FOR THE COMPLEXION

Says Elsie Randolph

Elsie Randolph, who is starring with Jack Buchanan in his successful musical play, "Stand Up and Sing," at the Hippodrome, London, writes:—

"What a delightful preparation is Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream! It is certainly *a wonderful aid to the complexion, and so lasting*, whilst the pretty little pot, with a mirror at the bottom, in which it is packed, is most attractive."

In all shades from Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores.

POWDER CREAM MIRROR ALL IN ONE 1/-

Potter & Moore's MITCHAM LAVENDER POWDER CREAM

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Just a DECENT FELLOW'S SACRIFICE

HAVING been married for twenty-seven years to as good a husband as ever walked, we have eight children, and live in our own house in the country.

We were happy as the days were long until a few weeks ago, when I joined up with the rest of the mothers in our church union to go to the seaside for a day's outing.

We went to a seaside town, and we cast care aside and were all girls again together for the day.

One of the arrangements made for us consisted of permission to go over a big liner lying up in dock for cleaning and repairs.

As we walked along one of the corridors of this vessel, I noticed a petty officer looking at me rather queerly, and a strange sensation came over me as I returned his gaze.

I couldn't shake it off. I had to turn back and speak to him privately.

IT was as much as I could do to keep from making myself conspicuous by fainting. The man was my brother, who, during the war, had been reported missing.

We had mourned him as dead, when, in fact, he told me, he had been very ill in a foreign country. His memory for a long time had been affected. His story ended:

"I came home as soon as I could take my bearings, determined to give you all a surprise. It was I who got the surprise.

"My wife had been so sure of my death that she had married again. I saw her. She seemed quite happy, and there were three bonny little lads, not mine, running about.

"I then did what any decent fellow in the same circumstances would have done—quietly effaced myself."

I said nothing, for indeed there seemed nothing to say. Then I realised that every woman except myself had left the boat and that it was nearing time for return.

My brother accompanied me to the station and kissed me good-bye. I promised to keep his secret.

I was almost dazed by what I had heard, and was glad that I occupied a compartment with only strangers. I had, however, a rude awakening.

Not one of the church members would speak to me when I got off the train. They passed me like dirt, with their noses in the air. I had "stayed behind on the boat"; I "had been seen kissing a sailor."

My husband does not know what to make of the gossip. He holds himself aloof, and looks at me with the most dreadful suspicion.

I feel like going out of my mind, for I cannot possibly explain without bringing my sister-in-law's household into complete ruin.

"HUMANIST" says: Your clear course is to tell your husband exactly what happened.

After twenty-seven years of happy marriage, you can surely trust him, and your brother's tragic, but honourable, secret will be perfectly safe in his keeping.

As for the neighbours, I can only advise you to ignore their petty suspicions. You have nothing with which to reproach yourself, and, therefore, you need not fear this trifling local "scandal," which will soon blow over.

DREAM HAVOC

in a home

MY wife and I lived happily together until about three years ago, when she made friends with some people who are terribly superstitious.

These friends are passionately fond of fortune-telling. They believe in it, and lay awful stress upon dreams and their interpretation.

Lately, having found a woman with a reputation for that sort of thing, they persuaded my wife to go with them to try her luck.

This woman seer appears to have told my wife a terrible set of tarradiddles.

She would not be in her present house and circumstances one year from now; she could see in the crystal a huge figure 2, but whether this meant two years, months or weeks she could not quite decide, only that "it was an ominous and extremely significant figure."

To counteract this there was another sign (B), which certainly meant that my wife would come into some unexpected money.

This last information bucked up my wife for a time, until she began to dream.

The figure she sees is an old man with a long, white beard. This crystal seer informs her invariably means disaster, loss and privation.

In short, it was hinted that for a married woman to dream of an old man with a long, white beard invariably meant the loss of her husband and other deep distress.

My wife has paid about half a week's wages to receive this priceless tit-bit of information, and the result on the happiness of our home may be guessed—there has been friction.

Yet, so certain is she of my untimely demise, that my wife looks at me more in pity than anger.

Now, what I want to know is how to stop this rot. I don't want my wife's health riven to nervous shreds, and I do want to restore my home to its one-time tranquil peace.

"HUMANIST" says: The quickest way to end this ridiculous obsession of your wife will be to inform the police.

Fortune-telling and prophesying for money are illegal, and a prosecution of this precious "seer" would speedily restore your wife to sanity.

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s. and 10s. 6d.

AMBITION

strides too far

TEN years ago, when a lad of sixteen, I fell, and this accident caused partial paralysis of my right leg. This is a big handicap, but it does not prevent my getting about.

Father's unexpected death prevented me sitting for the matriculation for which I was preparing. I had to leave school.

I got work as a clerk in a big office and there I stuck until a year ago, when industrial depression led to drastic reduction of staff.

I have not remained idle. I have sought to improve myself by study in various directions. I do, however, want to have a definite objective, and the thing is to decide what this should be.

A chum of mine, seriously ill with tuberculosis, thinks I should aim at becoming a teacher. I am more ambitious to become a doctor.

I am willing to sacrifice everything if only I can qualify. Is twenty-one too old for me to entertain such an idea? Is there any hope of my realising such a goal?

Although I am, at the moment, completely unemployed, I feel that a good office post would be most unattractive.

The dull routine of an office offers no opportunity to a man with average ability, but no outside influence.

"HUMANIST" says: At your age and in your circumstances there is almost no hope of your becoming a qualified doctor. It would mean some years' training, and the cost would be prohibitive.

Ambition should be harnessed to a practical aim. Office work need not be dull if you tackle it with determination to succeed.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

BETWEEN THREE HOSPITALS

BETTY, aged seven, is in a fever hospital suffering from diphtheria. If you were to meet her father on his way to visit his little daughter, your heart would ache for him.

Her father is terribly anxious

He is an ex-Service man, the holder of the 1914 star, bar and rosette, general service and victory medals and, he says, "a personal framed letter from the King and Queen."

"I myself," he states, "have been under the doctor continuously since September, 1928, for nerve trouble and bronchitis. I had a son in hospital for nearly five years.

"At last the boy was cured and allowed to come home. The poor little fellow had been at home only five weeks when he was knocked down by a coal-lorry and instantly killed.

"My daughter had a fall, and is now a patient in the Cripples' Hospital." This child, aged eleven, is suffering from a tubercular hip. She has been crippled for five years, and Betty has been in hospital for eight weeks.

"Then to crown all our troubles," he continues, "my wife was suddenly taken ill a fortnight ago, and was immediately taken to the General Hospital, where she went through a serious operation."

At that time Betty's distracted father had to visit three different hospitals—six miles separating two of them from his home, and, as he could not afford the 'bus fares, he had to walk.

"I would not mind the walk," he explains, "but my health is bad, and at the present time I am going through terrible anxiety for the ones who are in hospital and my home circumstances.

"Some time, my wife and daughters who are in hospital will return home, but what worries me is, Shall I be able to keep the roof above my head for them to have a home to return to?"

His eldest daughter, aged thirteen, is also in bad health, and has been in a sanatorium. She and her dad have had to keep house, pay rent, etc., on 26s. a week.

Happily, his wife has now returned home after her operation, needing care and freedom from anxiety if she is to recover her strength.

Here is a grand opportunity for our readers to do what gives them joy—helping a family weighed down with sickness and anxiety.

Subscriptions, whether allocated to this family or not, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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fountpen, pencil & notebook for only 5/-

The pen—a famous all-British Platignum de Luxe—the best pen anywhere—lever-filling, large ink capacity, and with a non-corrodible nib e well-known Platignum metal.
e pencil—handsomely finished with propel-repel-expel lead action, spare and eraser.
e pocket-book "crocodile" leather, metal bound with press button fastener. whole outfit slips into vest pocket or handbag. Get yours to-day. Your ner sells them. Two sizes, many colours, with pen and pencil matching, amazing value. Pen only, 2/6.

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MADE IN ENGLAND.

MENTMORE MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., Dept. B.J. 2, Platignum House, Hackney, E.9.

Shampoo Regularly with

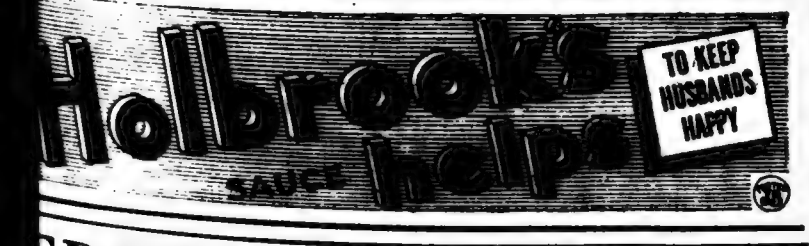
Cuticura Soap

Precede by applications of

Cuticura Ointment

This treatment will keep the scalp in a healthy condition and the hair soft and lustrous.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C. 1.



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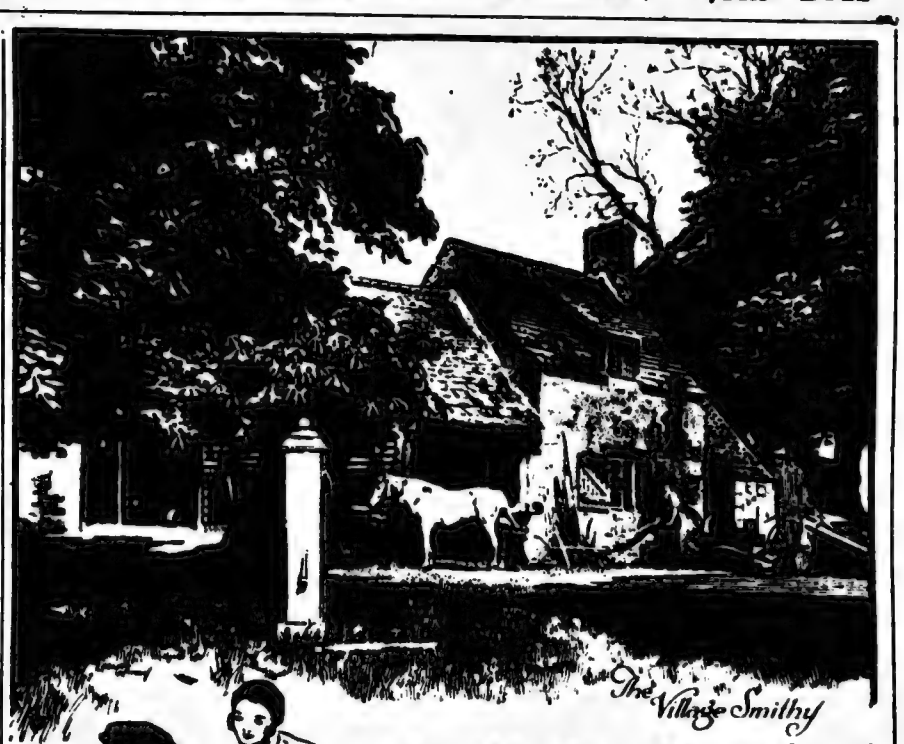

Walk for Health!

See the beauties of the countryside on foot. But to walk in comfort see that your shoes are cleaned with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish, which makes Black or Brown footwear so supple and comfortable and gives a brilliant, waterproof shine.

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

In tins with easy opener, 2½d., 4½d., and 6d. Black, White, Brown, Dark Tan & Tonette.

How I Got Rid Of Superfluous Hair

Troubles Forever

NOW— MY SKIN IS SOFT & WHITE

"I had become completely discouraged with a heavy growth of disgusting hair. I tried depilatory creams, evil-smelling powders and painful electric treatments—even a razor. All failed to give me the results for which I longed. Then I learned that NEW VEET—containing Wenlo-White—dissolves the Keratin in the hair and thereby ends all superfluous hair troubles forever. So I purchased a package of NEW VEET and since using it, my skin is so clear and white that no one could possibly suspect that I was ever afflicted with that horrible superfluous hair."

The formula and patent rights of this new discovery by a British scientist, have been purchased by the manufacturers of Veet, and Wenlo-White is now contained in NEW VEET (white colour) guaranteed 100% pure. Delightfully perfumed. For sale by all dealers at 1/6 and 3/-. No higher. The manufacturing expense of NEW VEET is greater, but the price to you is the same. Look on the label for words NEW VEET.

FREE: By special arrangements with the manufacturers, every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET, containing Wenlo-White ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 3d. to cover cost of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: Dae Health Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. 32), Cunard Road, Chase Estate, London, N.W.10.

TAKE NO RISK!

Bet with the firm you know and be sure of getting your

WINNINGS by RETURN WITHOUT FUSS or QUIBBLE.

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No irksome rules or unreasonable conditions. A square deal every time and prompt payment of winnings.

Send us your Letter Commissions from 1/- up to any amount ON ANY RACE, and if postmarked not later than advertised time of the race in accordance with our rules

YOU ARE ON

Full Starting Price

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Tote Price as desired

Best Prices on All Future Events

ACIDITY CAUSES 90% DIGESTIVE TROUBLE.

While many things, directly or indirectly, may cause stomach trouble, any medical man will tell you that over nine-tenths of all cases of indigestion are due to or accompanied by acidity and food fermentation. Excess acid accumulates in the stomach and turns the food into a souring, fermenting mass which produces painful gases and still more acid, and is usually directly responsible for indigestion, dyspepsia, heartburn, acidity, flatulence, and gastritis. To rid yourself of this harmful acid quickly, safely and surely, you should take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after eating or when pain is felt. This not only gives quick relief by instantly neutralising stomach acid, but soothes and heals your acid-inflamed stomach lining. 'Bisurated' Magnesia which costs but 1s. 3d., is prescribed by doctors and used in hospitals because it is a genuine indigestion specific.

CIGARETTE PAPERS

PILES can be definitely cured! Why suffer agony when the wonderful salve, Man Zan, will give instant relief? Soothes, cools and quickly puts an end to the worst cases. Man Zan will end YOUR trouble for good. In easy-to-use tubes 3/-, fitted with special applicator, from all chemists, or direct (in plain wrapper) from manufacturers on receipt of P.O. Free sample sent on application to E. C. De Witt & Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.4), Croydon.

MAN ZAN

Two to One in Favour of

Beer Gardens in PARKS

In the many letters received the voting was more than two to one in favour of beer-gardens in parks and open licensed cafes

A typical Continental open-air cafe

THE granting of new licences will not cause one more case of drunkenness, neither will the veto of Mr. Lansbury's scheme lessen the "drunks" by one iota.

The temperate will always be temperate, not by legislation but by common-sense, even though every other house was a licensed one.

The drinker will always get his liquor, even if the public-houses were five miles apart.

After all, why should the teetotaller be the only one catered for in parks? The moderate drinker pays the same towards their upkeep and is entitled to some consideration.—*L. C., Swindon.*

Only Chance

The parks are the children's playgrounds and the scenes of many sporting combats. It is the children's and sportsmen's only chance to walk a hundred yards without filling their lungs with the smell of spirits.

All decent men wish to keep their children away from public-houses and so take them to the parks where they can play in the fresh air; but now an attempt is made to take the public-houses to the future citizens *vid* the parks.—*Rechabite, Paisley.*

Idyllic

Imagine a hot summer night and a cool, green garden, flooded with silver moonlight.

Seated at one of the many little tables are two elderly men engrossed in a game of chess. At another sits a young couple, equally lost in an older game still.

Near them two happy families discuss local gossip, while the children play contentedly under the eyes of their parents.

A small orchestra discourses soft music, while waiters, laden with trays of beer, wend their way through the tables.

A British dream of the future? No, merely a German beer-garden of the present.—*F. L., Woolwich.*

First Taste

No beer-gardens in the parks for me. They would be a real menace to the young folks. Lots of young people of the working-class, brought up by respectable parents, would not dream of entering a public-house.

But to sit in a park and have a drink would seem a different matter altogether.

Thus many a boy or girl who perhaps had not tasted beer or wine before might acquire a taste for it, and cause both themselves and family sorrow in the years to come.—*Rhoda Bickerdike, Huddersfield.*

Children, Too

People who, like myself, live in the poorer working-class districts of London are often pained by the pathetic sight of little children waiting at the doors of public-houses while their parents are inside drinking.

Beer-gardens in the parks would tend to induce parents to take their children to more desirable places than the finger-trapping doors of "pubs."

The poor little kiddies who now spend Saturday nights sobbing at the "pub."

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, July 28.

My Queerest Holiday Adventure

doors while "Dad" and "Mum" enjoy themselves inside would be able to await their parents' pleasure under happier circumstances.—*William G. Sheppard, Plumstead.*

All Together

Why shouldn't the man who enjoys his glass of beer after his day's work be able to get it under decent conditions, and, should he think fit, in the company of his wife and children without the danger of losing prestige?

Open-air conditions and the presence of one's near and dear would certainly mean moderation in every way.

Instead of leaving the "pub." in perhaps a semi-drunken state, hubby would go home with his wife and children, all happy together, having shared each others' pleasures.

Such arrangements would certainly make for happier homes.—*F. A., Walsall.*

Youth's Protest

I am only fifteen years old, but would like to protest, on behalf of children, against the sale of beer parks.

We young people see quite enough the results of drinking beer when ing public-houses at closing time, we do not want our own special grounds, the parks, spoilt by the sights.

Besides, some of us live in districts where drunkenness is not uncommon and we are glad to get away from it.

The parks have been our little heaven don't let them make it into a hell.—*G. K., Hull.*

Come Out!

Why should beer be more abused the open air, amid Nature's surroundings, than in the dim, smoky atmosphere of some bar-parlour?

I have just returned from months' stay in Germany, and envied the people there in their beer drinking gardens, appreciating the pure air and the good music of an orchestra.

Encourage people to "come out into the open," where a more healthy and broader outlook on life is found.—*Edgar Watkins, Birmingham.*

Enough

Before granting such licences, Parliament should bear in mind that there already ample provision for the public in the form of public-houses, clubs, etc., and that the parks are freely used by the young folk, especially during summer vacation and other holidays.

It is clearly undesirable that the young should have the drink habit constantly before them, or that parents who intend to steer their family safely past the drink rock should have their efforts countered in this way.

Let such as go in for alcoholics go to the "pub."; but at all costs keep the parks "parks."—*J. Simpson, Motherwell.*

Not a Sin

Mr. Lansbury's scheme for beer gardens in the parks shows a true desire for temperance.

Beer taken in moderation is not harmful; the evils of alcohol manifest themselves in excessive drinking.

What surer method could be found of preventing this excess than by providing more pleasant means of obtaining liquid refreshment than the average "pub."?

In the parks there would be other attractions—the scene, crowds, music, fresh air—all tending to prevent drinking for drinking's sake, such as is found in the public-house, and beer would assume its old place, as a drink, not a deadly sin.—*R. Foster, Nuneaton.*

* * *

Public drinking in a beer-garden is safer than secret drinking any time.—*Teetotaller, Bolton.*

Clanking glasses would not harmonise with the singing of the birds.—*N. S., Hounslow.*

Britain is, as a whole, a sober nation, and I do not believe that the privilege would be abused in any shape or form.—*Fairplay, Hunts.*

The price is too great, even though only one life is ruined through beer gardens.—*S. E. R., Dorset.*

Far better that families should spend their leisure together than dad in the "Black Bull" and mum and the kiddies in the park alone.—*F. M., Cambs.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

GOODWOOD "GOODS"

FOR a fraction of time at Lingfield I thought we had landed another useful Saturday "double." Royal Rufus, the first half of the "double," duly obliged at 7 to 2, and, if anything, I had more confidence in L'Odeon to bring off the "second leg."

The French-bred one was always in the thick of the fighting, and although really well beaten at the end of the race his number was put up as the winner.

The judge had confused the colours of L'Odeon with those of Wire-work, but the error was soon rectified.

Goodwood marks the half-way stage of the flat-racing season, and, as a rule, winners are easier to find.

Since his victory over Stingo, Xandover has been all the rage for the Stewards', and he appears likely to start as hot a favourite as did his compatriot Epinard.

There is a quiet tip about for To You. De Mestre's five-year-old is a 9-to-1 chance in the ante-post lists. He has no form this season to warrant such cramped odds, but there is seldom smoke without fire.

The race is the usual lottery, and for those who wish to try to beat the market by taking a price now, I suggest Xandover and Poor Lad.

Our old friend Blue Vision crops up in the "Stakes," but on this occasion I favour Knight of Knockeevan. If in the mood, Poole's gelding may run away with the race.

At Liverpool I suggest O'Curry for the Summer Cup. Anna and The Stalker may land the Saturday "double" at Hurst Park.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 23, to Wednesday, July 29.

C B R X Z H J S M L T A N G Q K

V P D E F I U O Y W 84 85 86 87 88 89

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

O84H86878 would read STINGO.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

8783RZHOI would read GOOD FISH.

"SILVER RING."

and avoid indigestion

There are many ways of taking peppermint, but the best and most pleasant way is to eat Fox's Glacier Mints.

These delicious sweets possess a peppermint flavour so subtly blended that they cannot be equalled.

Be sure and ask for

FOX'S GLACIER MINTS

Obtainable everywhere.

CATESBYS LINO

Your home will be extra beautiful if you get Catesbys Cork Lino on your floors. It is low in price, and our Easy Terms enable you to get it at once. Patterns, Samples, Cash and Easy Terms Prices free.

CATESBYS LTD. (Dept. K.19), TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1.

BEST FOR YOU

BIRD'S is best and best with Fruit.

BIRD'S is the only Custard that tastes as good as it looks!

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

FLAKE

READY RUBBED

Also

DIGGER HONEY DEW
DIGGER SHAG
DIGGER MIXTURE
DIGGER CUT PLUG
DIGGER BLACK CUT CAVENDISH

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P.D.5^

£50,000 WAITING FOR YOU

Would You Pay Twopence for It? THEN GO AND GET 'EVERYBODY'S'

All told, there's £50,000 waiting to be won. It is offered for various competitions this week—and **WILL** be won. **EVERYBODY'S** has got its staff of experts to provide solutions, alternatives and advice for **ALL** these contests, and you'll find that the bulk of this prize-money will go to readers of **EVERYBODY'S**, just as a great part of the prize-money goes **EVERY WEEK** into the homes of readers of **EVERYBODY'S**.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO TRANSFORM YOUR HOME, TO BRING SOME HAPPINESS, COMFORT, WEALTH INTO THE LIVES OF THOSE YOU LOVE? THEN GET A COPY OF EVERYBODY'S—IT'S ONLY TWOPENCE—AND LET IT HELP YOU. IT CAN.

HERE'S A CHOICE OF PRIZES—

£5,000 HOLIDAY BALLOT

£1,000 CROSSWORDS

£500 PICTURE CONTEST in the "DAILY HERALD"

Look at the advice and solutions for these in **EVERYBODY'S.** You could not get better or more helpful assistance.

£1,250 MOVIESTARS

£1,500 CROSSWORDS in the "PEOPLE"

Solutions and alternatives for these as well as for all other Picture Puzzles and Crosswords appear in **EVERYBODY'S** every week.

£1,000 CROSSWORDS

£300 BULLETS in "JOHN BULL"

Nothing but expert guidance is given to readers in **EVERYBODY'S**—on how to construct lines, what to avoid, a careful and explanatory analysis of all prize-winning results.

And remember this. In addition to this assistance **EVERYBODY'S** gives you a complete entertaining, illustrated bright magazine of **36 BIG PAGES,** packed with stories and arresting features to interest young and old and every member of the home. There are pages for women and children. Love, life and laughter. **FREE MEDICAL AND LEGAL SERVICE** for all readers. Don't hesitate. Get a copy now and see for yourself. You'll like it.

everybody's

THE POPULAR WEEKLY.

Everywhere. 36 Big Pages. 2d.

JOHN BULL'S HUGE X-WORD PRIZE

£1,000

EASY TO WIN — NO CLAIMS REQUIRED!

BIG NEW CASH OFFER!

UNLIMITED £2 HOLIDAY CHEQUES FOR RUNNERS-UP

LET "John Bull" provide you with cash for your holidays! Here is a unique holiday offer in a Crossword Contest. £1,000 is the First Prize, and £2 Holiday cheques for runners-up. These cheques will make a welcome addition to your holiday money. Take advantage of this opportunity of winning a four-figure fortune, or a helpful cheque toward your holidays. Don't hesitate—a little skill may make you the winner. ENTER AT ONCE.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £1,000 for a correct solution, on one square, of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. A special Holiday Prize of £2 will be awarded to every competitor who enters a square containing one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 6th, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 13th.

Winners in X-Word No. 123 appear on page 14.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 123

S	O	W	S	■	P	R	O	N	E	■	P	■	■	■
T	E	A	C	H	■	O	R	A	N	G	E	■	■	■
I	■	L	■	O	R	D	E	R	■	R	A	■	■	■
C	R	E	A	M	■	E	■	R	O	O	T	■	■	■
K	I	S	S	E	S	■	C	O	U	C	H	■	■	■
■	L	■	S	■	P	■	T	■	W	E	■	■	■	■
T	E	A	R	■	R	O	O	F	■	E	R	■	■	■
I	S	L	E	■	K	■	A	R	M	S	■	■	■	■
D	■	C	A	N	E	■	I	A	■	■	■	■	■	■
Y	E	O	■	U	■	A	R	M	A	D	A	■	■	■
■	A	V	E	N	G	E	S	■	G	U	N	■	■	■
P	R	E	S	S	E	S	■	L	O	O	Y	■	■	■

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 123 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for Two Squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, July 30th.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two double Entry Forms (Four Squares). Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale **Thursday, August 13th.** Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £1,000 prize, he must demand a Scrutiny by first post, **Tuesday, August 25th,** in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such Scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £2 Holiday Prizes for runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

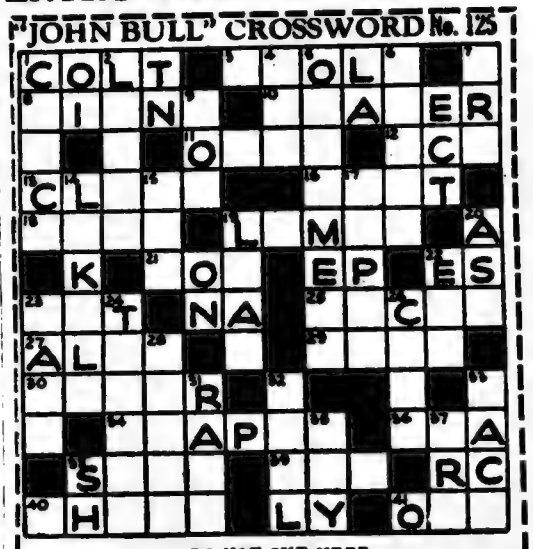
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this Competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

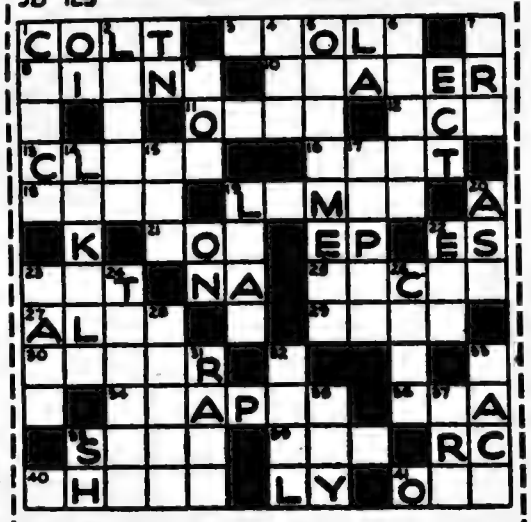
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE / With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. } See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 125



JB · 125 DO NOT CUT HERE



JB · 125

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No.....

P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 6D.

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, JULY 30th

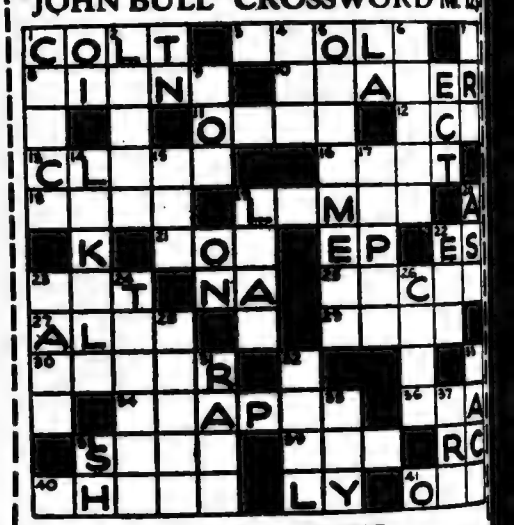
CLUES ACROSS.

1. Young horse.
3. These surround father when plumbing.
8. Kings of the forest.
10. Dealer in cloths.
11. Where food becomes more appetising.
12. Card higher than a king.
13. A fastening.
16. My giddy ——!
18. Contraction of kilometre.
19. Seen in a coal mine.
21. Grief.
23. Old maid's only companion.
25. Join heads to bodies.
27. Bitter medicinal plant.
29. Too good to be ——.
30. Drink made from apples.
34. Covered with drapery.
36. The ocean.
38. Slender.
39. Craft.
40. Often heard on country walk.
41. Crude mineral.

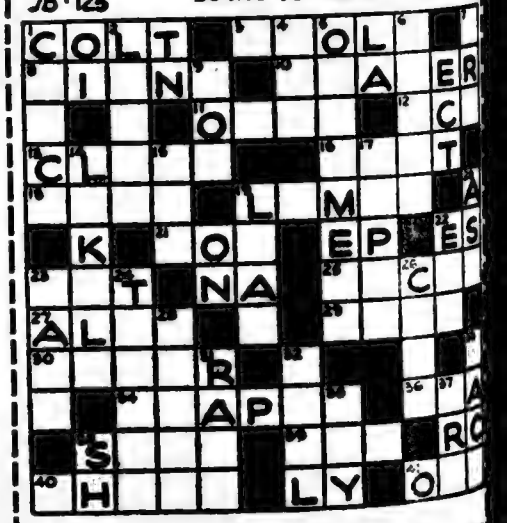
CLUES DOWN.

1. Sometimes indicates time to get up.
2. Describes supporters candidate needs.
4. Puem.
5. Article beautifying your home.
6. Spaces of time.
7. This means "before."
9. Food dipped in liquid.
14. Probable.
15. Female pig.
17. Higher in place.
19. Some years are this.
20. Donkey.
22. Extend.
23. Hard to keep this with rival countries.
24. Baby soon learns to do this.
26. Seen on a bagatelle board.
28. Weird.
31. A slope.
32. Part of wedding celebration.
33. Needs washing carefully.
35. Not wet.
37. Make a mistake.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 125



JB · 125 DO NOT CUT HERE



JB 125

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No.....

P.O. for Sixpence must be enclosed to cover Two Squares, and Shilling P.O. to cover Four Squares.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Coupons 1/-

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, JULY 30th

If entering two Double Entry Forms, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 125), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp

Write to "John Bull" About It!

THE EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped addressed envelope with your query.

R. M. (Frome).—"What is a summer iday without the sun?" Dull.

G. W. (Bungay).—"I caught my cook sing the sweep." That was a black rk against her.

T. G. (Southsea).—"The plain bath- girl doesn't have much fun." She n't get a man to save her life.

N. G. (Poole).—"Man's life is mostly l, toil, toil." And woman's mostly let, toilet, toilet.

K. S. (Bristol).—"The female grass- pper never makes a sound." Hence e cheerful chirpings of the male.

Mrs. B. (Beckenham).—"What does y husband know about women's shions?" The price.

L. H. K. (Grantham).—"I have writ- n a play called 'The Architect.'" In e hope that it will draw good houses?

R. N. (London, E.).—"I carried all be- re me at Henley Regatta." Were you gaged as an extra waiter?

B. D. (Banbury).—"Nine out of every farces that are written are never oduced." That's not enough.

A. V. (Woking).—"She is all the world me." Wait until you've seen more the world.

D. B. (Chertsey).—"I shall roll up to you one of these days." You won't admitted in that condition.

C. F. (Doncaster).—"My wife's latest ss is absolutely the last word." She pply had to have it.

E. C. (York).—"Parking space is worth ot of money." And like money, there always plenty of it where it doesn't you any good.

H. S. (Streatham).—"Many birds form ir sounds without opening their ls." So do many humans; they know ll enough in advance what is inside.

D. W. (Southend).—"What is the dif- ence between a saloon car and a ousine?" The limousine has a glass rtition to protect the driver from silly versation.

B. V. (London, W.).—"I left a bag, taining 500 coppers, in a taxi near ston station." We doubt if the driver d any idea that there was so much nge about.

W. K. (Cromer).—"I see that two list's models who posed for the same ture have just been married." They re drawn together from the beginning, course.

O. G. (Bromley).—"A man who makes ople laugh is doing a service to his untry." This should encourage the thors of some of the serious plays we ve seen lately.

N. T. (Ilford).—"My neighbour's lawn-mower won't cut." Try his shears.

AUTHOR (Chelsea).—"Some silly fools maintain that I can't write." And others doubtless think that you can.

M. Y. (Bath).—"I can write no more now as my visitors have arrived." What a pity they were so late.

P. K. (Clacton).—"He proposed to me on the sands." Then make sure he is not on the rocks.

F. S. (Rotherham).—"My neighbour is very nosey—always stares after me when I pass her." How do you know?

S. P. (Vange).—"My father spared no pains to make me a perfect gentleman." Did he use birch, cane or strap?

E. P. (Malden).—"What does the modern young man do when he can't afford to take his girl out to dinner?" He takes her out to dinner.

W. R. (Barnsley).—"I read that real cleverness is born and cannot be acquired." Don't put the blame on your parents.

H. C. (Brigg)—"If Henry VIII. were alive to-day, he'd still be thought a remarkable man." He would, indeed. He'd be 440 years old.

B. B. (Epsom).—"When I visited Kenya I found the natives had no imagination at all." They may take up golf and angling later on.

H. B. (Chelsea).—"Movie stars have to diet to stay thin." The plots of their films manage to stay that way without any effort, however.

W. K. (Ilford).—"Sir Hubert Wilkins' submarine can bore upwards through thirty feet of ice." A trip on that vessel would be good training for a social climber.

D. C. (Newbury).—"If you were to fall heir to sudden wealth overnight, what would you do?" Nothing: the alarm would ring before we could get a chance to spend a penny of it.

L. S. (Windsor).—"Atmosphere cannot make a play." Still, permission to smoke has saved many a production.

A. N. (Preston).—"Marriage as a problem is not easily solved." But nowadays easily dissolved.

W. A. (Isleworth).—"I never play golf." All golfers aren't quite so frank about it as that.

M. T. (Surbiton).—"Many a wise word is spoken in jest." And many a foolish one in earnest.

J. C. (Dewsbury).—"Single women secretly look upon men as fools." Married women, on the other hand, do it quite openly.

G. F. (Hull).—"I believe it is a very wise plan to get up from every meal still feeling hungry." At some seaside boarding-houses you have no option.

T. M. S. (Perth).—"A wireless set has been invented which can be taken to pieces and reassembled in ten minutes." The first half of the idea is good.

MUSIC CRITIC (Glasgow).—"Marriage does not bar a woman singer from pursuing her career." On the contrary, it means that she has provided herself with a permanent audience.

D. Y. (Beckenham).—"All those responsible for the production of a play should receive some recognition." Yes, it isn't fair that the actors should get all the blame.

S. M. (Tottenham).—"Over forty different bodies have a right to break up the streets of London." And the trouble is that they all seem to do it at the same time.

J. P. (Falkirk).—"Alcohol in the home has led to a lot of domestic strife." It certainly is annoying when a husband can't find where his wife has hidden the key of the sideboard.

D. M. (Hull).—"A doctor who once advocated thin summer frocks says that he is now advising women to avoid them." Our theory is that he has recently been married.

V. L. (Eltham).—"Actors rightly object if members of the audience make a noise during the first night of a play." And they are even more annoyed if silence greets them at the end.

T. C. (Durham).—"My doctor says I must have a holiday, but he doesn't tell me how." Consult Dr. "Bullets." Page 35 is full of tonics for people in a delicate state of wealth.

C. D. (Govan).—"A man who has been missing for five years recently returned to his home." We understand he finally decided that his wife must have left the store by another exit.

J. T. C. (Edinburgh).—"The heroine of a new novel is described as 'the essence of sweetness endowed with the gift of silent understanding.'" We understand that, as usual, no reference to any living person is intended.

F. R. (Yarmouth).—"A Chicago man has been invited to Russia to help the Soviet Government plan its cities." That proves either that Chicago is better than we think it is, or Russia a great deal worse.

P. T. S. (Manchester).—"A well-known actress declared before her marriage recently that she intended to retire and be thoroughly domesticated." We understand that she made an excellent start by sweeping up the aisle of the church.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

T. L. (Cowes).—"My little boy prefers nuts to sweets." The little monkey.

K. J. (Dunmow).—"I'm now attached to the police force." Handcuffed?

F. Y. (Louth).—"A wise child knows its own father." And its rich aunt!

Mrs. T. (Teddington).—"I cannot think why I married my husband." Possibly because he didn't.

D. S. (Ceylon).—"*What are 'shorts'?*" *The triumph of moral courage over vanity.*

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

COURIER AND ADVERTISER (Dundee):—"Luggage should be as at as possible, and all NECESSARIES IDLY EXCLUDED."

OUTPORT VISITER:—"Miss —— was the bedroom of another house when ROOF collapsed and was pinned DER THE DOOR."

OUNTRY LIFE:—"Stabling for six ses AND THREE COTTAGES."

DESERT LOVE (Novel):—"He smiled himself and SMOKED the sleek head the native girl."

ORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR:— n AMBULANCE was called but DIED on way to hospital."

OMAN AND HOME:—"A pale, brown- girl with childishly wistful BLUE s."

ANCHESTER FREE GAZETTE:—"Abso- ly new, LONELY rexine Chesterfield e."

AIRPLANE STORIES:—"An orderly entered the tiny hut and saluted. The major returned the salute and the orderly PUT IT IN HIS POCKET."

MERRY AND BRIGHT:—"He saw Captain Hosepipe's TIGHTLY CLOSED EYES glaring at him."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"—— were summoned for committing a nuisance by allowing black smoke to be OMITTED from the mill chimney."

GLASGOW EVENING NEWS:—"With one hand he held the beautiful golden head above the chilling waters and with the OTHER CALLED LOUDLY FOR ASSISTANCE."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"Mr. —— submitted that the testator's signature on the WALL was a forgery."

WAR IN THE DESERT ("Boys' Friend Library"):—"They laid him FLAT ON HIS FACE in a clear spot and pegged him out, a peg to each limb, and left him there to STARE UP AT THE STARS and curse."

A LISTLESS DOG
is always in danger
of DISEASE.

MANY dogs are listless now after frequent overheating on hot days. As their skin is non-porous they cannot regulate bodily heat or purify their blood by perspiring; consequently, impurities have accumulated and been aggravated by overheating until the stomach and liver are both out of order.

While in this low condition a dog is liable to take disease from any unhealthy dog he meets, but you can restore him to fine condition in a very few days by giving him Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders, which cleanse the blood of every impurity and refresh the whole system, curing *and preventing* all blood ailments such as *Listlessness, Excessive Scratching, Loss of Appetite, Eczema, Loose Coat, and Swellings between the Toes.*

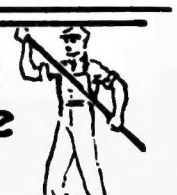
Since 1892 the famous prize winners of Shows and Field Trails have been kept in perfect condition with Bob Martin's Tasteless Condition Powders.

The 6d. packet contains nine powders; the shilling boxes 18 — from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores.

Since 1892 the world's dog remedy.

BOB MARTIN'S
TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

George can judge a good overall — he always wears



LYBRO
EASY FIT OVERALLS

like I do. Have you tried them? You can't beat them.

Ask your outfitter for Lybro "Easy-fit" Overalls. In blue or brown. Notice the strong dungaree, double-stitched and treble-tacked; the six large pockets and the Red Button stamped "Lybro Brand."

Price 6/6

Jackets, or Trousers 5/11
Boiler Suits 9/11

If unable to obtain write to Workwear Ltd., Mount Vernon, Liverpool, asking for name of nearest supplier.

CUT FOR COMFORT—MADE FOR WEAR

CVS.31.13

A HOLIDAY FROM PAIN

IRRITABILITY-SLEEPLESSNESS RHEUMATISM-HEADACHES, ETC.

President Hoover's admirable suggestion of a "debt holiday" for the nations, would have been even more appreciated if it extended to all individuals. A message conveying a debt holiday for the "man in the street" would be welcomed with joy. 'ASPRO' cannot convey this message, but it can, however, broadcast a definite message TO ALL: to the effect that all those who suffer from pain—sleeplessness—rheumatism—influenza—irritability—nerviness CAN HAVE A COMPLETE HOLIDAY from these distressing conditions if they take 'ASPRO.' Hundreds of thousands of users all over the world testify to the definite—quick action—pain-alleviating powers of 'ASPRO.' So why not:—

TAKE 'ASPRO' and HAVE A HOLIDAY FROM PAIN

LIVING TESTIMONY

HYDE PARK CHEMIST RECOMMENDS 'ASPRO' FOR SUN-GLARE HEADACHES

Dear Sirs,
Permit me to take this opportunity of telling you how satisfied I am with 'ASPRO' sales. I recommend it extensively to all my customers, as indeed do all my four assistants, and we have yet to find a dissatisfied customer or a case in which the desired relief from pain has not been obtained.

Our close proximity to Hyde Park has brought us experience that has taught us that 'ASPRO' is very well recommended for headaches caused by sun-glare, and for the normal day-tripper's headache. In fact we confidently recommend 'ASPRO' in all those cases where the use of aspirin is indicated, and particularly in those cases where ordinary aspirin is not well tolerated.

Faithfully yours,
THE MARBLE ARCH PHARMACY.

HEAD PAINS GO

Bridge End, Eytos,
Bishop's Waltham.

Sir,
I thought I would take the pleasure in writing to say that I think 'ASPRO' Tablets are wonderful things. Why I am writing this is because my husband has suffered a great deal in the head, so seeing those 'ASPRO' so much in the paper I got him some, and he says he feels twice the man now.

I am, Yours respectfully,
MRS. L. KING.

WORTH KNOWING

School Road, Radwinter,
Sir, Nr. Saffron Walden, Essex.

My daughter has crossed to and from Australia five times within the last six years and has always been seasick until this last journey in January this year. She writes me she was not sick, thanks to 'ASPRO.'

I would not be without them myself and always willing to lend some to friends who get without. We are five miles from town.

Yours very truly,
M. PORTER (Mrs.).

FIRST AID for MOTHERS

Most children are subject to Toothache, Earache, Colds and sudden bursts of Temperature. 'ASPRO' can be safely given to children so affected. It will soothe the pain away and quickly reduce Temperature.

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: Children 3 to 6 years, ¼ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA

3d. 6d. 1/3 & 2/6

PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

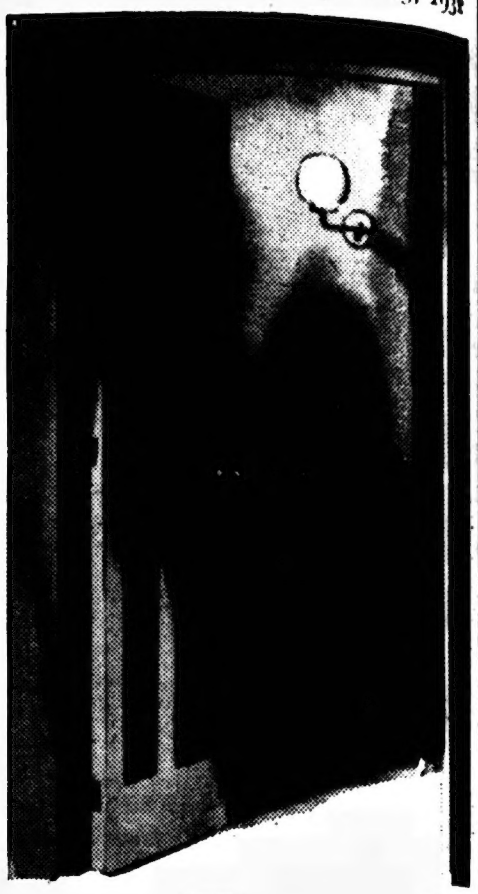
Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD.
('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, Bucks. Telephone: Slough 608

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

Made by ASPRO LIMITED, SLOUGH, ENGLAND

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

GAS!



THE hidden perils which beset the home are again vividly illustrated this week. "John Bull" has now dispatched four more cheques of £100 each under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift on account of home accidents. These cheques were dispatched to the following registered readers:—

A Bedroom Tragedy

£100 Mrs. E. Hall, 137, Prescott Street, Brookfield, Birmingham. Her husband was discovered dead in bed, having been asphyxiated by escaping gas.

£100 Mr. T. Tweed, 8, Hill St., Tredegar, Mon., whose wife was killed when she fell from her cottage bedroom window on to the brick path below.

JOHN BULL PAYS ANOTHER £400

£100 Mrs. A. Clements, 149, Moorland Road, Splott, Cardiff, whose husband missed his footing on the stairs and fell to his death.

£100 Mr. J. Case, 5, Milner Rd., Aigburth, Liverpool, whose wife fell downstairs in the course of her domestic duties, her injuries proving fatal.

Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident—"John Bull" Covers You Free.

HOLIDAYS—Registered readers will continue to be insured on holidays in Great Britain, Ireland, Channel Islands or Isle of Man, the only condition being that should a claim arise they will be required to show that they purchased "John Bull" whilst away, and that before leaving home they instructed their regular newsagent to commence delivery immediately on their return.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 25/7/31.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 25/7/31.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS—

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" Pen with 14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed two years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib.*

Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

HOLIDAY PRIZES DOUBLED—over 200 this week

WADE IN AND WIN A HOLIDAY!

YOU can almost sniff the seaside air as you look at this week's astonishing prize-list, a one-week offer without parallel in *Bullets* history. The moment we have chosen to award 300 prizes of £2 10s. each instead of the customary ten is just when the need for extra holiday cash is most urgent.

There is no reason why you should not win much more than £2 10s., of course, for there are prizes up to £300 for good *Bullets*. But we have deliberately piled the prize-money on to the lower section of this list, so that the greatest possible number of competitors may win a substantial holiday cheque by which to remember August, 1931.

To make a *Bullet* you have simply to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to one of the *Examples*. Thus, selecting the *Example* WORTH HEARING, the added words WIRELESS—SURPRISE, BURST VALVE! would complete a *Bullet*.

Study the winners below, then enter by August 1 if you want a place in this week's lengthy prize-list.

£3,550 CASH AWARDED—"BULLETS" NO. 810

FIRST PRIZE OF £3,000, YEARLY HOLIDAY AND CAR

Mrs. A. Humphries, 132, Tiverton Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham.
Example:—MAN IN A BATH-CHAIR
Bullet:—"WALKS"—IN "MEMORY'S GARDEN."

SECOND PRIZE OF £200:

R. R. Duncan, 22, Clyde Street, Clydebank, Glasgow.
Example: Slippery Slope
Bullet: Banister — Landed Sonny *Upstairs.*

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. E. Brown, 13, Bernard Street, Nottingham.
Example: Buy More Goods And
Bullet: — Get "Watching" Workers "Clocking."

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. S. Arundale, 9, Warner Road, Hornsey, N.
Example: Their Home
Bullet: "Humble." But "Her Pie ——!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

BACKHOUSE, Bydews, Grasmere.
Made Him A Millionaire—"Discoveries"—He Sought *Brains.*

CHALKE, 72, Rosebury Road, Fulham, S.W.
Profiteers "Graspers" We're "Letting Go."

Miss H. COLLINS, 38, Byron Street, Roath, Cardiff.
Man In A Bath-chair—Nervous—Wife's Steering Again!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. EVANS, 30, Long Lane, Finchley, N.
Father's Holiday—Sunday—Mother's, Some Day.

HALL, 1, Rushdale Road, Sheffield.
Economic Blizzard—Approaching—"Glorious Fortnight" Passing.

W. LOVE, 108, Main Street, Glasgow.
Another Blunder—Apathy A Path To.

A. B. NEEDLEY, 2, Moody Lane, Grimsby.
Disturbing The Peace—Buzzer—But Preventing Disturbances.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. THOMPSON, 15, Yeoman Street, Redcar, Yorks.
Unemployment Pay—Thanks—But Employment, Pray!

D. TOWNDROW, P.O., Beacon Road, Newquay, Cornwall.
Father's Holiday—"Fourteen Days With Cat."

A. WRIGHT, 167, Hucknall Road, Carrington, Nottingham.
Slippery Slope—Connubial Path Getting "Flat."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

A. BAKER, 128, Winston Road, Stoke Newington, N.
Groping In The Dark—Pianist Next Door, Apparently!

Mrs. M. S. BISHOP, 8, Heath Lane, West Bromwich.
Father's Holiday—Family's "With Him" *Then.*
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. DONALDSON, 14, Arklay Terrace, Dundee.
Shock For Britannia — Unless Indian "Contacts" Maintained.

W. GEE, 10, Graigwen Place, Pontypridd.
We Maintain—Submarines—And Victims' Dependants.

J. A. HOYLES, 19, Riverside Road, Norwich.
They Went Hiking, But—Calves Weak—Bull Wasn't.

E. OVERTON, Nelson, Glam.
Man In A Bath-chair—Father—Wouldn't Wheel Pram.

H. S. RAYNER, Dane Farm House, Elvington, Hawkinge.
Groping In The Dark—Amateur Photographer Developed Fly-paper.

D. SMITH, 12, Sard's Rents, London, S.E.
In A Thousand Years—"The Prince Lived There!"

A. STUBBS, 8, Shortlands Green, Welwyn Garden City.
Economic Blizzard—Driving Nations Into *Open.*

W. G. TREMAIN, 81, Palmerston Road, Chatham.
Man In A Bath-chair—Was *Boy* With Gun.

A list of 25 £1 and 1,000 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.
Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 814 usually purchase "John Bull."

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE

FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 13 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 19, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.)

Examples for Competition No. 814

WHEN PARLIAMENT'S SHUT	IN GREAT DEMAND	ALL THAT HAPPENED
BEFORE WE BEGIN	DESPONDENTLY	GALLANT FIGHT
PAYS FOR ITSELF	BLOWING HIS OWN TRUMPET	SOME MISTAKE
WORTH HEARING	DESIRABLE RESIDENCE	LED TO THE SLAUGHTER
HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY	IT CAN BE DONE, BUT	FIRMLY
SPEEDY RECOVERY	PINCHING HERSELF	KNOWING HER
WHEN DAD GOES FISHING	MAIN THING IN LIFE	STANDS TO REASON
HER PHILOSOPHY	CRYING BITTERLY	ON A PENSION
SLOPPY SENTIMENT	YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL	FALLING ON BAD TIMES
ROUSING RECEPTION	RADIO STAR	WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT
TOURISTS	LOSING	

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 1.
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(814) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 1.
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(814) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 1.
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(814) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 1.
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(814) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 814, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

GREAT DAILY HERALD HOLIDAY BALLOT

£5,000

MUST BE WON

Last weeks! Hurry!

ONLY two more weeks and your opportunity of winning £5,000 in the most entertaining of all Holiday contests will be gone for ever. The Great "Daily Herald" Holiday Ballot, in which the huge fortune of £5,000 is offered for a simple forecast of the most popular holiday resorts, definitely closes shortly, the last Entry Form will appear in the "Daily Herald" on August 8th. This huge prize *must be won* and an extra £1,000 will be paid to the winner if he or she should be a registered reader of the "Daily Herald."

Look down the list of resorts opposite—turn over in your mind their many attractions—ask your friends in what order of popularity *they* would place them and then fill in your forecast to-dav. A little skill, a little concentration, and £5,000 may be yours.

All You Have to do—

1. Read carefully the directions on the Entry Form.
2. Vote for your own favourite Resort (ONLY ONE) by placing a cross (X) in the column on the LEFT-HAND side of the Entry Form.
3. Next make a forecast in the column provided on the RIGHT-HAND side of the Entry Form of what you consider will be the order of popularity decided by the general vote. To do this simply place the figure 1 opposite your first choice, the figure 2 opposite your second choice, and so on up to 14.

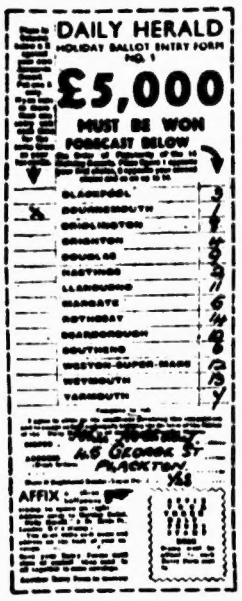
Keep a copy of your forecasts, a note of the resort for which you vote as your favourite and also a note of the total number of Entry Forms you send in.

OPEN TO ALL

Competitors may send in as many entries as they wish in accordance with the rules and conditions which appear in the "Daily Herald" every Tuesday. Further Entry Forms are appearing daily in the "Daily Herald."

A few minutes of your time may bring you this great fortune of £5,000. Enter for this fascinating Contest of skill by filling in the Entry Form on the right to-day.

HOW TO DO IT.



We reproduce here for your guidance a Specimen Form filled in by an imaginary person whom we call Mr. Holliday. You will see that first of all he places a X in the left-hand column against HIS OWN favourite resort, which is Bournemouth. (Note—as requested, he uses one X only.)

He then forecasts the order of popularity of the Holiday resorts in the column on the right of the Entry Form, using the numbers 1 to 14.

He fills in his name & address CLEARLY, and then of course before sending in he would place a 1½d. stamp in the space provided.

(N.B.—Needless to say, the selections given above by the imaginary Mr. Holliday are made at random and should not influence you in any way in deciding what you think will be the order of popularity of the 14 Holiday Resorts.)

Place in Column below a X against your own favourite Resort. Put one X only. If you send in more than one entry, vote each time for the same town as your favourite.

DAILY HERALD
HOLIDAY BALLOT ENTRY FORM
No. J.4.

£5,000

MUST BE WON
FORECAST BELOW
the Order of Popularity of the 14 Holiday Resorts. Place figure 1 opposite your first choice, 2 opposite your second choice & so on up to 14.

	BLACKPOOL
	BOURNEMOUTH
	BRIDLINGTON
	BRIGHTON
	DOUGLAS
	HASTINGS
	LLANDUDNO
	MARGATE
	ROTHESAY
	SCARBOROUGH
	SOUTHEND
	WESTON-SUPER-MARE
	WEYMOUTH
	GREAT YARMOUTH

Complete in ink.

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this competition and to accept as final and legally binding the decision of the Editor of the "Daily Herald" in all matters appertaining thereto.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....
(Block letters.)

.....

State if Registered Reader of the "Daily Herald."

(Yes or No).....

AFFIX a three-halfpenny stamp to space on right.

Address entry to Holiday Ballot, "Daily Herald," 8, St. Bride St., London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

On the back of your envelope you must write in the bottom left-hand corner the name of your favourite town and the number of votes you enclose for this town. Also, on the flap write your name and address in block letters. Failure to do this involves disqualification.

Save your Entry Forms until close of contest then send in together in same envelope to arrive not later than first post Thursday, August 18. Entry Forms appear daily in "Daily Herald" until Saturday, August 6th

AFFIX YOUR THREE HALF-PENNY STAMP HERE.

Stamp must be affixed to each Entry Form sent in.

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